

THE
ILIADE
OF
HOMER

Translated by Mr. POPE.

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ДОБРЫЙ ДЕНЬ



МОСКОВСКАЯ
МОЖНОДУШНАЯ
АКАДЕМИЯ



T H E
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
O F T H E
I L I A D.

The ARGUMENT.

The seventh Battle, for the Body of *Patroclus*: The Acts of *Menelaus*.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires, but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renewes the Battel. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the Chariot of Achilles, which is born off by Automedon. The Horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his

HOMER's ILIAD;

*body with a thick darkness : The noble prayer of Aja
on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to A
chilles, with the news of Patroclus's death : Then re-
turns to the fight, where, tho' attack'd with the ut-
most fury, he , and Meriones assisted by the Ajaxes,
bear off the body to the ships.*

*The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth
day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.*

ON the cold earth divine *Patroclus* spread ,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar
Great *Menelaus*, touch'd with gen'rous woe, [dead.
Springs to the front , and guards him from the foe :
Thus round her new fal'n young the heifer moves , 5
Fruit of her throes , and first-born of her loves ,
And anxious , (helpless as he lies , and bare)
Turns and returns her , with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came ,
His broad shield glimmers , and his lances flame. 10

The son of *Panthus* , skill'd the dart to send ,
Eyes the dead Hero , and insults the Friend.
This hand , *Atrides* , laid *Patroclus* low ;
Warrior ! desist , nor tempt an equal blow :
To me the spoils my prowess won resign ; 15
Depart with life , and leave the glory mine.

The *Trojan* thus : the *Spartan* Monarch burn'd
With generous anguish , and in scorn return'd :
Laugh'st thou not , *Jove* ! from thy superior throne ,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own ? 20
Not thus the Lion glories in his might ,
Nor Panther braves his spotted foe in fight ,

Nor

BOOK XVII.

I

Nor thus the Boar (those terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force , and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of *Panthus* vent their haughty mind. 25
Yet 'twas but late , beneath my conqu'ring steel
This boaster's Brother , *Hyperenor* fell ;
Against our arm which rashly he defy'd ,
Vain was his vigour , and as vain his pride. 30
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire ,
No more to chear his Spouse , or glad his Sire.
Presumptuous youth ! like his shall be thy doom ,
Go wait thy Brother to the *Stygian* gloom :
Or while thou may'st , avoid the threaten'd fate; 35
Fools stay to feel it , and are wise too late.

Unmov'd , *Emphorbus* thus : that action known :
Come , for my Brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping Father claims thy destin'd head ,
And Spouse , a widow in her bridal bed. 40
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow ,
To sooth a Confort's and a Parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious strife ,
Let Heav'n decide our fortune , fame , and life.

Swift as the word , the missile lance he flings , 45
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings ,
But blunted by the brats innoxious falls.
On *Jove* the Father , great *Atrides* calls :
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain ,
It pierc'd his throat , and bent him to the plain ; 50
Wide thro' the neck appears the grizly wound ,
Prone sinks the Warrior , and his Arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair ,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear ;

4 HOMER's ILIAD,

Instarr'd with gems and gold , bestrow the shore , 55
With dust dishonour'd , and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive , in some sylvan scene ,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green ,
Lifts the gay head , in snowy florets fair ,
And plays and dances to the gentle air ; 60
When lo ! a whirlwind form high heav'n invades
The tender plant , and withers all its shades ;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed ,
A lovely ruin , now defac'd and dead.
Thus young , thus beautiful , *Euphorbus* lay , 65
While the fierce *Spartan* tore his Arms away ,
Proud of his deed , and glorious in the prize ;
Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring victor flies ;
Flies , as before some mountain Lion's ire
The village curs , and trembling Swains retire ; 70
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar ,
And see his jaws distil with smoaking gore ;
All pale with fear , at distance scatter'd round ,
They shout incessant , and the vales resound .

Meanwhile *Apollo* view'd with envious eyes , 75
And urg'd grear *Hector* to dispute the prize ,
(In *Mentes* shape , beneath whose martial care
The rough *Ciconians* learn'd the trade of war)
Forbear , he cry'd , with fruitless speed to chace
Achilles' Coursers of æthereal race ; 80
They stoop not , these , to mortal man's command ,
Or stoop to none but great *Achilles'* hand :
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain ,
Turn , and behold the brave *Euphorbus* slain !
By *Sparta* slain ! for ever now supprest 85
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast !

Thus

BOOK XVII. 5

Thus having spoke, *Apollo* wing'd his flight
 And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight :
 His words infix'd unutterable care
 Deep in great *Hector's* soul : thro' all the war 90
 He darts his anxious eye ; and instant , view'd
 The breathles Hero in his blood imbru'd ,
 (Forth welling from the wound , as prone he lay)
 And in the Victor's hands the shining prey.
 Sheath'd in bright Arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies ,
 And sends his voice in thunder to the skies : 96
 Fierce as a flood of flame by *Vulcan* sent ,
 It flew , and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd ,
 And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind. 100

Then shall I quit *Patroclus* on the plain ,
 Slain in my cause , and for my honour slain ?
 Desert the Arms , the relicks of my Friend ?
 Or singly , *Hector* and his troops attend ?
 Sure where such partial favour Heav'n bestow'd , 105
 To brave the Hero were to brave the God :
 Forgive me , *Greece* , if once I quit the field ;
 'Tis not to *Hector* , but to Heav'n I yield .
 Yet , nor the God , nor Heav'n , shou'd give me fear ,
 Did but the voice of *Ajax* reach my ear : 110
 Still would we turn , still battle on the plains ,
 And give *Achilles* all that yet remains
 Of his and our *Patroclus*----This , no more ,
 The time allow'd : *Troy* thicken'd on the shore ,
 A sable scene ! The terrors *Hector* led . 115
 Slow he recedes , and fighting , quits the dead .

So from the fold th'unwilling Lion parts ,
 Forc'd by loud clamours , and a storm of darts ;

6 HOMER's ILIAD,

He flies indeed , but threatens as he flies ,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.

120

Now enter'd in the *Spartan* ranks , he turn'd
His manly breast , and with new fury burn'd ,
O'er all' the black Battalions sent his view ,
And thro' the cloud the God-like *Ajax* knew ;
Where lab'ring on the left the Warrior stood ,
All grim in Arms , and cover'd o'er with blood ;
There breathing courage , where the God of day
Had funk each heart with terror and dismay .
To him the King . Oh *Ajax* , oh my friend !
Haste , and *Patroclus'* lov'd remains defend :
The body to *Achilles* to restore ,
Demands our care ; Alas ! we can no more !
For naked now , despoil'd of Arms he lies ;
And *Hector* glories in the dazzling prize .

130

He said , and touch'd his heart . The raging pair
Pierce the thick battel , and provoke the war .
Already had stern *Hector* seiz'd his head ,
And doom'd to *Trojan* dogs th'unhappy dead ;
But soon as *Ajax* rear'd his tow'rlike shield ,
Sprung to his car , and measur'd back the field ,
His train to *Troy* the radiant Armour bear ,
To stand a Trophy of his fame in war .

135

140

Meanwhile great *Ajax* (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead Hero with the dreadful shade ;
And now before , and now behind he stood :
Thus in the center of some gloomy wood ,
With many a step the Lionsess surrounds
Her tawny young , beset by men and hounds ;
Elate her heart , and rowzing all her pow'rs , [lowrs.
Dark o'er the fiery balls , each hanging eye - brow
Fast

BOOK XVII.

7

Fast by his side, the gen'rous *Spartan* glows 151
 With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But *Glaucus*, Leader of the *Lycian* aids,
 On *Hector* frowning, thus his flight upbraids:

Where now in *Hector* shall we *Hector* find? 155
 A manly form, without a manly mind.

Is this, O Chief! a Hero's boasted fame?
 How vain, without the merit, is the name?

Since battel is renoun'd, thy thoughts employ
 What other methods may preserve thy *Troy*? 160

'Tis time to try if *Ilion*'s State can stand
 By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;

Mean, empty boast! but shall the *Lycians* stake
 Their lives for you? those *Lycians* you forsake?

What from thy thankless Arms can we expect? 165
 Thy Friend *Sarpedon* proves thy base neglect:

Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls
 While unreveng'd the great *Sarpedon* falls?

Ev'n where he dy'd for *Troy*, you left him there,
 A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170

On my command if any *Lycian* wait,
 Hence let him march, and give up *Troy* to Fate.

Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
 Impel one *Trojan* hand, or *Trojan* heart;

(Such, as shou'd burn in ev'ry soul, that draws 175
 The sword for glory, and his country's cause)
 Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,

And drag yon' carcass to the walls of *Troy*.
 Oh! were *Patroclus* ours, we might obtain

Sarpedon's Arms and honour'd corse again! 180
 Greece with *Achilles'* Friend shou'd be repaid,
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his Shade.

8 HOMER's ILIAD,

But words are vain—let *Ajax* once appear,
And *Hector* trembles and recedes with fear:
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo ! already , thou prepar'st to fly.

The *Trojan* Chief with fixt resentment ey'd
The *Lycian* Leader , and sedate reply'd.
Say, is it just (my Friend) that *Hector*'s ear
From such a Warrior such a speech shou'd hear? 190
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind ,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great *Ajax*? I desert my train ?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain ;
I joy to mingle where the battel bleeds ,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But *Jove*'s high will is ever uncontroll'd ,
The strong he withers , and confounds the bold ,
Now crowns with fame the mighty man , and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the Victors brow ! 200
Come , thro' yon' squadrons let us hew the way ,
And thou be witness , if I fear to-day ;
If yet a *Greek* the fight of *Hector* dread ,
Or yet their Hero dare defend the dead.

Then turning to the martial hosts , he cries , 205
Ye *Trojans* , *Dardans* , *Lycians* , and Allies !
Be men (my friends) in action as in name ,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud *Achilles*' Arms shall shine ,
Torn from his Friend , by right of conquest mine. 210

He strode along the field , as thus he said ,
(The fable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look ;
One instant saw , one instant overtook

The

The stubborn Arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous , and around him clos'd ;
 Fill'd with the God , enlarg'd his members grew ,
 Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew , 250
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll ,
 And Mars himself came rushing on his soul .
 Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode ,
 And look'd , and mov'd , Achilles , or a God .
 Now Mesthles , Glaucus , Medon he inspires , 255
 Now Phorcys , Chromius , and Hippothous fires ,
 The great Thersilochus like fury found ,
 Asteropaeus kindled at the sound ,
 And Ennomus in Augury renown'd .
 Hear all ye hosts , and hear , unnumber'd bands 260
 Of neighb'ring nations , or of distant lands !
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far ,
 To boast our numbers , and the pomp of war ;
 Ye came to fight ; a valiant foe to chase ,
 To save our present , and our future race . 265
 For this , our wealth , our products you enjoy ,
 And glean the relicks of exhausted Troy .
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare ,
 To die , or conquer , are the terms of war .
 Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain , 270
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train ,
 With Hector's self shall equal honours claim ;
 With Hector part the spoil , and share the fame .
 Fir'd by his words , the troops dismiss their fears ,
 They join , they thicken , they pretend their spears ;
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array , 276
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey :
 Vain

BOOK XVII.

11

Vain hope ! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead ?

Great *Ajax* mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his Brother of the war. 281

Our fatal day alas ! is come (my Friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end !

'Tis not this corpse alone we guard in vain ,
Condemn'd to vulturs on the *Trojan* plain ; 285

We too must yield : the same sad fate must fall
On thee , on me , perhaps (my Friend) on all .

See what a tempest direful *Hector* spreads ,
And lo ! it bursts , it thunders on our heads !

Call on our *Greeks* , if any hear the call , 290
The bravest *Greeks* : this hour demands them all .

The Warrior rais'd his voice , and wide around
The field re-echo'd the distressful sound .

Oh Chiefs ! oh Princes ! to whose hand is giv'n
The rule of men ; whose glory is from Heav'n ! 295

Whom with due honours both *Atrides* grace ;
Ye Guides and Guardians of our *Argive* race ! [far ,

All , whom this well-known voice shall reach from
All , whom I see not thro' this cloud of war ,

Come all ! Let gen'rous rage your arms employ , 300
And fave *Patroclus* from the dogs of *Troy* .

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd ,
Swift was his pace , and ready was his aid ;

Next him *Idomeneus* , more slow with age ,
And *Merion* , burning with a Hero's rage . 305

The long-succeeding numbers who can name ?
But all were *Greeks* and eager all for fame .

Fierce to the charge great *Hector* led the throng ;
Whole *Troy* embodied , rush'd with shouts along .

Thus ,

Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves, 310
Where some swoln River disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling Ocean works from side to side,
The River trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm *Achaian* band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the Warriors' shining helms in night:
To him, the Chief for whom the hosts contend, 320
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead, he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the *Grecians* scarce sustain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the *Trojans* seize the slain: 325
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of *Ajax Telamon*.

(*Ajax*, to *Peleus'* son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame)
With healdong force the foremost ranks he tore; 330
So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain Boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frightened Hunter, and the baying hound.
The Son of *Lethus*, brave *Pelagus'* Heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase thro' the war; 335
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted thro' the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great *Ajax'* vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmets brazen cheeks in twain; 340
The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair, strow the plain:

With

B O O K X V I I . 13

With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground ;
 The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound ;
 He drops *Patroclus'* foot , and o'er him spread
 Now lies , a sad companion of the dead : 345
 Far from *Larissa* lies , his native air ,
 And ill requites his Parent's tender care .
 Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell ,
 Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of Hell .

Once more at *Ajax* , *Hector*'s jav'lin flies ; 350
 The *Grecian* marking , as it cut the skies ,
 Shun'd the descending death ; which hissing on ,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great *Iphytus'* Son ,
Schedius the brave , of all the *Phocian* kind
 The boldest Warrior , and the noblest mind . 355
 In little *Panope* for strength renown'd ,
 He held his seat , and rul'd the Realms around .
 Plung'd in his throat , the weapon drank his blood ,
 And deep transpiercing , thro' the shoulder stood ;
 In clang ing Arms the Hero fell , and all 360
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall .

Phorcys , as slain *Hippothous* he defends ,
 The *Telamonian* lance his belly rends ;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke ,
 And thro' the wound the rushing entrails broke . 365
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies , and grasps the dust with dying hands .

Struck at the fight , recede the *Trojan* train :
 The shouting *Argives* strip the Heroes slain .
 And now had *Troy* , by *Greece* compell'd to yield ; 370
 Fled to her ramparts , and resign'd the field ;
Greece , in her native fortitude elate ,
 With *Jove* averse , had turn'd the scale of Fate :

But

But *Phœbus* urg'd *Æneas* to the fight ;

He seem'd like aged *Periphas* to fight.

375

(A Herald in *Anchises'* love grown old ,

Rever'd for prudence , and with prudence , bold .)

Thus he---What methods yet , oh Chief ! remain ,
To save your *Troy* , tho' Heav'n its fall ordain !

There have been Heroes , who by virtuous care , 380
By valour , numbers , and by arts of war ,

Have forc'd the Pow'rs to spare a sinking State .

And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate .

But you , when Fortune smiles , when *Jove* declares
His partial favour , and affests your wars , 385

Your shameful efforts 'gainst your selves employ ,

And force th'unwilling God to ruin *Troy* .

Æneas thro' the form aslum'd descries
The Pow'r conceal'd , and thus to *Hector* cries .

Oh lasting shame ! to our own fears a prey ,
We seek our ramparts , and desert the day .

390

A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms ,
And tells me , *Jove* affests the *Trojan* arms .

He spoke , and foremost to the combat flew :
The bold example all his hosts pursue .

395

Then first , *Leocritus* beneath him bled ,

In vain belov'd by valiant *Lycomedes* ;

Who view'd his fall , and grieving at the chance ,
Swift to revenge it , sent his angry lance ;

The whirling lance with vig'rous force address , 400
Descends , and pants in *Apisaon*'s breast :

From rich *Paonia*'s vales the Warrior came ,

Next thee , *Asteropeus* ! in place and fame .

Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain ,

And rush'd to combate , but he rush'd in vain : 405

In-

BOOK XVII. 15

Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the *Grecians* stood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.

Great *Ajax* eyes them with incessant care, 410
And in an orb, contracts the crowded war;
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the center and the soul of all.

Fixt on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steepes the reeking ground; 415
On heaps the *Greeks*, on heaps the *Trojans* bled,
And thick'ning round 'em, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns, 420
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.

In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The Sun, the Moon, and all th' ethereal host
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's splendors blotted from the skies. 425

Such o'er *Patroclus'* body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light;
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,

The golden Sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, 430
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.

Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light;
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There bur'd the war, and there the mighty bled. 435

Meanwhile the Sons of *Nestor*, in the rear,
Their fellows routed, tost the distant spear,

And

16 HOMER's ILIAD,

And skirmish wide : so *Nestor* gave command ,
 When from the ships he sent the *Pylian* band.
 The youthful Brothers thus for fame contend , 440
 Nor knew the fortune of *Achilles* Friend ;
 In thought they view'd him still , with martial joy ,
 Glorious in Arms , and dealing deaths to *Troy*.

But round the corse , the Heroes pant for breath ,
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death : 445
 O'erlabour'd now , with dust , and sweat and gore ,
 Their knees , their legs , their feet are cover'd o'er ;
 Drops follow drops , the clouds on clouds arise , [eyes :
 And carnage clogs their hands , and darkness fils their
 As when a slaughter'd Bull's yet reeking hyde , 450
 Strain'd with full force , and tugg'd from side to side ,
 The brawny Curriers stretch ; and labour o'er
 Th' extended surface , drunk with fat and gore ;
 So tugging round the corps both Armies stood ;
 The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood : 455
 While *Greeks* and *Ilians* equal strength employ ,
 Now to the ships to force it , now to *Troy*.
 Not *Pallas*' self , her breast when fury warms ,
 Nor he , whose anger sets the world in Arms ,
 Could blame this scene ; such rage , such horror reign'd ;
 Such , *Jove* to honour the great dead ordain'd . 460
 Achille's in his ships at distance lay ,
 Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;
 He , yet unconscious of *Patroclus*' fall ,
 In dust extended under *Ilion*'s wall ,
 Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain , 465
 And for his wish'd return prepares in vain ;
 Tho' well he knew , to make proud *Ilion* bend ,
 Was more than Heav'n had destin'd to his Friend ;

Per-

BOOK XVII.

17

Perhaps to him : This *Thetis* had reveal'd ; 470
The rest , in pity to her Son , conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict roun'd the Hero dead ;
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private *Greeks* would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day ! 475

First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide , and drink our blood for sacrifice !
First perish all , ere haughty *Troy* shall boast
We lost *Patroclus* , and our glory lost.

Thus they . While with one voice the *Trojans* said ,
Grant this day , *Jove* ! or heap us on the dead ! 480

Then clash their sounding Arms ; the clangors rise ,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime , at distance from the scene of blood ,
The pensive Steeds of great *Achilles* stood ; 485
Their god-like Master slain before their eyes ,
They wept , and shai'd in human miseries.

In vain *Automedon* now shakes the rein ,
Now plies the lash , and sooths and threats in vain ;
Nor to the fight , nor *Hellespont* , they go , 490
Restive they stood , and obstinate in woe :

Still as a tomb-stone , never to be mov'd ,
On some good man , or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight ; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the Sculptor's hands , 495

Plac'd on the Hero's grave . Along their face ,
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace ,
Conglobing on the dust . Their manes , that late
Circled their arching necks , and wav'd in state ,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread ,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head : 500

59 HOMER's ILIAD;

Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the Steeds he spoke.

Unhappy Couriers of immortal train !
Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain : 505
Did we your race on mortal man bestow ,
Only alas ! to share in mortal woe ?
For ah ! what is there , of inferior birth ,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth ;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind, 510
Than man more weak , calamitous , and blind ?
A miserable race ! But cease to mourn ;
For not by you shall Priam's Son be born
High on the splendid car : One glorious prize
He rashly boasts ; the rest our will denies. 515
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart ,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy thro' the storm of war ;
For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy , to ravage o'er 520
The field , and spread her slaughter to the shore ;
The Sun shall see her conquer , till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said ; and breathing in th'immortal Horse
Excessive spirit , urg'd 'em to the course ; 525
From their high manes they shake the dust , and bear
The kindling chariot thro' the parted war.
So flies a Vulture thro the clam'rous train
Of Geese , that scream , and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swifted speed they flew , 530
And now to conquest with like speed pursue ;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains ,
Now plies the jav'lin , now directs the reins :

Him

BOOK XVII.



Him brave *Alcimedon* beheld distrest,
Approach'd the chariot, and the Chief addrest. 535

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy Friend is slain, and *Hector* wields
Achilles' Arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies) 540
The bold *Alcimedon* now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him, the heav'nly Steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage cou'd tame,
But now *Patroclus* is an empty name! 545
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: The task of fight be mine.

He said. *Alcimedon*, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His Friend descends. The Chief of *Troy* deserv'd, 550
And call'd *Eneas* fighting near his side.

Lo, to my fight beyond our hope restor'd,
Achilles' Car, deserted of its Lord!
The glorious Steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak Drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail? 556
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The Son of *Venus* to the counsel yields;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brass resplendent the broad surface shin'd, 560
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Them *Chromius* follows, *Aretus* succeeds,
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty Steeds:
In vain, brave Youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return. 565

HOMER's ILIAD,

Unmov'd , *Automedon* attends the fight ,
Implores th' Eternal , and collects his might
Then turning to his Friend , with dauntless mind :
Oh keep the foaming Courfers close behind !
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow , 570
For hard the fight , determin'd is the foe ;
'Tis *Hector* comes ; and when he seeks the prize ,
War knows no mean : he wins it , or he dies .

Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud ,
And calls th' *Ajaces* from the warring croud , 575
With great *Atrides*. Hither turn (he said)
Turn , where distress demands immediate aid ;
The dead , incircled by his friends , forego ,
And save the living from a fiercer foe .
Unhelp'd we stand , unequal to engage 580
The force of *Hector* , and *Aeneas'* rage :
Yet mighty as they are , my force to prove ,
Is only mine : th' event belongs to *Jove*.

He spoke , and high the sounding jav'lin flung ,
Which pass'd the shild of *Aretus* the young ; 585
It pierc'd his belt , emboss'd with curious art ;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart .
As when the pond'rous axe descending full ,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull ;
Struk 'twixt the horns , he springs with many a bound ,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground : 591
Thus fell the youth ; the air his soul receiv'd ,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd .

Now at *Automedon* the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance ; the meditated blow 595
Stooping , he shun'd ; the jav'lin idly fled ,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the Hero's head :

Deep

BOOK XVII.

21

Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
 In long vibrations spent its fury there.

With clashing falchions now the Chiefs had clos'd,
 But each brave *Ajax* heard, and interpos'd; 601
 Nor longer *Hector* with his *Trojans* stood,
 But left their slain companion in his blood:
 His Arms *Automedon* divests, and cries,
 Accept, *Patroclus*! this mean Sacrifice.

Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid
 Poor as it is, some offering to thy Shade.

So looks the Lion o'er a mangled Boar,
 All grim with rage, and horrible with gore:
 High on the chariot at one bound he sprung, 610
 And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now *Minerva*, from the realms of air
 Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
 For, pleas'd at length the *Grecian* Arms to aid,
 The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid. 615
 As when high *Jove*, denouncing future woe,
 O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
 (In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
 Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
 The drooping cattel dread th'impending skies, 620
 And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.

In such a form the Goddess round her drew
 A vivid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Assuming *Phœnix'* shape, on earth she falls
 And in his well-known voice to *Sparta* calls. 625
 And lies *Achilles'* Friend, belov'd by all,
 A prey to dogs beneath the *Trojan* wall?
 What shame to *Greece* for future times to tell,
 To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!

26 HOMER's ILIAD,

O Chief, oh Father! (*Atreus' Son replies*) 630

O full of day! by long experience wise!

What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?

Ah would *Minerva* send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm and ward the storm of war! 635
But *Hector*, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And *Jove's* own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the Pow'rs addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her Hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight, 640
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful Hornet (soul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings: 645
Fir'd with like ardour fierce *Atrides* flew,
And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a *Trojan* not unknown to fame,
Eetion's Son, and *Podes* was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest, 650
By *Hector* lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Thro' his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his Arms resound.
Sudden at *Hector's* side *Apollo* stood,
Like *Phanops*, *Asius'* Son, appear'd the God; 655
(*Asius* the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair *Abydos* by the rolling main.)
Oh Prince (he cry'd) oh foremost once in fame!
What *Grecian* now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to *Menelaus* yield? 660
A Chief, once thought no terror of the field?

Yet

BOOK XVII.

23

Yet singly, now, the long disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our Army flies.
By the same arm illustrious *Podes* bled,
The friend of *Hector*, unreveng'd, is dead: 665
This heard, o'er *Hector* spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th'Eternal shook his fable shield
That shaded *Ide*, and all the subject field
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud 670
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th'affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly. 675

Then trembled *Greece*: the flight *Peneleus* led;
For as the brave *Bœtian* turn'd his head
To face the foe, *Polydamas* drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear.
By *Hector* wounded, *Leitus* quits the plain, 680
Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and raging with the pain
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As *Hector* follow'd, *Idomen* address
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corselet yields; 685
Exulting *Troy* with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the *Cretan* stood,
The Son of *Priam* whirl'd the missive wood;
But erring from its aim, th'impetuous spear
Strook to the dust the Squire, and charioteer
Of martial *Merion*; *Cœranus* his name, 691
Who left fair *Lyctus* for the fields of fame.
On foot bold *Merion* fought; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his *Trojan* foe;

But the brave Squire the ready Courfers brought, 695
And with his life his Master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain ;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein : 700
This *Merion* reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war ;
Idomeneus consents ; the lash applies :
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor *Ajax* less the will of Heav'n descry'd 705
And conquest shifting to the *Trojan* side,
Turn'd by the hand of *Jove*. Then thus begun,
To *Atreus'* seed, the god-like *Telamon*.

Alas ! who sees not *Jove*'s almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the *Trojan* band ; 710
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a *Grecian* heart :
Not so our spears : incessant tho' they rain,
He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the God, yet let us try 715
What human strength and prudence can supply ;
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph born,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,
And still hear *Hector* thund'ring at their gates. 720
Some Hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
The mournful mesage to *Pelides'* ear ;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His Friend, his lov'd *Patroclus*, is no more.
But such a Chief I spy not thro' the host ; 725
The men, the steeds, the Armies all are lost

BOOK XVII.

25

695 In gen'ral darkness---Lord of earth and air !
 Oh King ! oh Father ! hear my humble pray'r :
 Dispel this cloud , the light of heav'n restore ;
 Give me to see , and *Ajax* asks no more ; 730
 If *Greece* must perish , we thy will obey ,
 But let us perish in the face of day !

700 With tears the Hero spoke , and at his pray'r
 The God relenting , clear'd the clouded air ;
 Forth burst the Sun with all-enlight'ning ray ; 735
 The blaze of Armour flash'd against the day.
 Now , now , *Atrides* ! cast around thy sight ,
 If yet *Antilochus* survives the fight ,
 Let him to great *Achilles*' ear convey
 The fatal news----*Atrides* hasten away . 740

710 So turns the Lion from the nightly fold ,
 Tho high in courage , and with hunger bold ,
 Long gall'd by Herdsman , and long vext by hounds ,
 Stiff with fatigue , and fretted sore with wounds ;
 The darts fly round him from a hundred hands , 745
 And the red terrors of the blazing brands :
 Till late , reluctant , at the dawn of day
 Sow'r he departs , and quits th'untasted prey .
 So mov'd *Atrides* from his dang'rous place
 With weary'd limbs , but with unwilling pace : 750
 The foe , he fear'd , might yet *Patroclus* gain ,
 And much admonish'd , much adjur'd his train .

720 Oh guard these relicks to your charge confign'd ,
 And bear the merits of the dead in mind ;
 How skill'd he was in each obliging art ; 755
 The mildest manners , and the gentlest heart :
 He was , alas ! but Fate decreed his end ;
 In death a Hero , as in life a Friend !

B 5

So

So parts the Chief ; from rank to rank he flew,
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view. 760
 As the bold bird , endu'd with sharpest eye
 Of all that wing the mid aerial sky ,
 The sacred Eagle , from his walks above
 Looks down , and sees the distant thicket move ;
 Then stoops , and swooping on the quiv'ring Hare , 765
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
 Not with less quickness , his exerted sight
 Pass'd this , and that way , thro' the ranks of fight :
 Till on the left the Chief he sought , he found ;
 Clearing his men , and spreading deaths around . 770
 To him the King . Belov'd of Jove ! draw near ,
 For sadder tydings never touch'd thy ear ;
 Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn !
 How Ilion triumphs , and th' Achaians mourn.
 This is not all : Patroclus on the shore , 775
 Now pale and dead , shall succour Greece no more.
 Fly to the fleet , this instant fly , and tell
 The sad Achilles how his lov'd one fell :
 He too may baste the naked corps to gain ;
 The Arms are Hector's , who despoil'd the slain. 780

The youthful Warrior heard with silent woe ,
 From his fair eyes the tears began to flow ;
 Big with the mighty grief , he strove to say
 What sorrow dictates , but no word found way.
 To brave Laodocus his Arms he flung , 785
 Who near him wheeling , drove his Steeds along ,
 Then ran , the mournful message to impart ,
 With tear-ful eyes , and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the Youth ; nor Menelaus stands ,
 (Tho' sore distrest) to aid the Pylian bands ; 790
 But

But bids bold *Thrasymede* those troops sustain ;
Himself returns to his *Partoclus* slain.
Gone is *Antilochus* (the Hero said ,
But hope not , Warriors ! for *Achilles'* aid :
Tho' fierce his rage , unbounded be his woe , 795
Unarm'd , he fights not with the *Trojan* foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain ,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain ;
And save our selves , while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along , and this way rolls our fate. 800
'Tis well (said *Ajax*) be it then thy care
With *Merion*'s aid , the weighty corse to rear ;
My self , and my bold Brother will sustain
The shock of *Hector* and his charging train :
Nor fear we Armies , fighting side by side ; 805
What *Troy* can dare , we have already try'd ;
Have try'd it , and have stood. The Hero said .
High from the ground the Warriors heave the dead ;
A gen'ral clamour rises at the fight :
Loud shout the *Trojans* , and renew the fight. 810
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood ,
With rage infatiate and with thirst of blood ,
Voracious Hounds , that many a length before
Their furious Hunters , drive the wounded Boar ;
But if the savage turns his glaring eye , 815
They howl aloof , and round the forest fly .
Thus on retreating *Greece* the *Trojans* pour ,
Wave their thick falchions , and their jav'lins show'r :
But *Ajax* turning , to their fears they yield ,
All pale they tremble , and forsake the field. 820
While thus aloft the Hero's corse they bear ,
Behind them rages all the storm of war ;

Con-

Confusion , tumult , horror , o'er the throng
Of Men , Steeds , Chariots , urg'd the rout along :
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire, 815
To whelm some city under waves of fire ,
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes ;
Now crack the blazing Temples of the Gods ?
The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls ,
And sheets of smoak mount heavy to the poles. 830
The Heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load :
As when two Mules , along the rugged road ,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam , or mast's unwieldy length ;
Inly they groan , big drops of sweat distill , 835
Th'enormous timber lumbring down the hill.
So these-- --Behind , the bulk of *Ajax* stands ,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands .
Thus when a river fwell'd with sudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains , 840
Some interposing hill the stream divides ,
And breaks its force , and turns the winding tides .
Still close they follow , close the rear engage ;
Aeneas storms , and *Hector* foams with rage :
While *Greece* a heavy , thick retreat maintains , 845
Wedg'd in one body like a flight of cranes ,
That shriek incessant , while the falcon hung
High on pois'd pinions , threats their callow young .
So from the *Trojan* Chiefs the *Grecians* fly ,
Such the wild terror , and the mingled cry . 850
Within , without the trench , and all the way ,
Strow'd in bright heaps ; their Arms and Armour lay ;
Such horror *Jove* imprest ! yet still proceeds
The work of death , and still the battel bleeds. 854



THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

The ARGUMENT.

The grief of *Achilles*, and new Armour
made him by *Vulcan*.

THE news of the death of Patroclus, is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations comes with all her Sea-Nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the Mother and Son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a Council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamp'd in the

the field: the grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the Palace of Vulcan to obtain new Arms for her Son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan, and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the Palace of Vulcan.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where *Helle*spon't broad waters flow
Stood Nestor's Son, the messenger of woe:
There sat *Achilles*, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd,
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said. Ah! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains? 10
Is this the day, which Heav'n so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand,
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the Warrior, and Patroclus he!
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun *Hectorean* force in vain.
Thus while he thinks, *Antilochus* appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.

BOOK XVIII.

31

Sad tydings, son of *Peleus*! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th'unwilling messenger!
Dead is *Patroclus*! for his corse they fight;
His naked corse: His Arm's are *Hector*'s right.

A sudden horror shot thro' all the Chief, 25
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears: 30
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin Captives, with disorder'd charms,
Won by his own, or by *Patroclus*' Arms)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground: 36
While *Nestor*'s Son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the Warrior with a Warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow. 40

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary *Nereus* and the watry train,
The mother Goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling *Nereids* with their mistress weep, 45
And all the sea-green Sisters of the deep.

Thalia, Glauce, (ev'ry wat'ry name)
Nesaea mild, and silver *Spio* came.
Cymothoe and *Cymodoce* were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft *Allia*'s eye. 50
Their locks *Atlea* and *Limnoria* rear,
Then *Proto*, *Doris*, *Panope* appear;

Thoa,

Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle and Amphithoe gay :
Next Callianira, Callianassa show
Their sister looks ; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tydes :
Iera now the verdant wave divides ;
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head :
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed :
These Orythia, Clymene, attend ,
Mera, Amphinome, the train extend ,
And black Janira, and Janassa fair ,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in Ocean held
Their sacred seats , the glimm'ring Grotto fill'd ;
Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe ,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me , and judge , ye Sisters of the Main !
How just a cause has *Thetis* to complain ?
How wretched , were I mortal , were my fate !
How more than wretched in th'immortal state !
Sprung from my bed a god-like Hero came ,
The bravest far that ever bore the name ;
Like some fair olive , by my careful hand
He grew , he flourish'd , and adorn'd the land ;
To Troy I sent him ; but the Fates ordain
He never , never must return again.
So short a space the light of Heav'n to view ,
So short alas ! and fill'd with anguish too ?
Hear how his sorrows echo thro' the shore !
I cannot ease them , but I must deplore ;
I go at least to bear a tender part ,
And mourn my loy'd-one with a Mother's heart.

BOOK XVIII.

33

85

She said, and left the caverns of the main.

All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train

Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,

While the long pomp the silver wave divides.

Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* land;

Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.

90

Th'immortal Mother, standing close beside

Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;

Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,

And thus the silver-footed Dame began.

Why mourns my Son? Thy late-preferr'd request
The God has granted, and the *Greeks* distrest:

96

Why mourns my Son? Thy anguish let me share;

Reveal the cause, and trust a Parent's care.

He, deeply groaning---To this cureless grief
Not ev'n the Thund'r'er's favour brings relief.

100

Patroclus---Ah! --- Say Goddess can I boast

A pleasure now? Revenge itself is lost:

Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,

Beyond mankind, beyond my self, is slain!

Lost are those Arms the Gods themselves bestow'd

On *Peleus*; *Hector* bears the glorious load.

106

Curs'd be that day, when all the Pow'rs above

Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:

Oh had'st thou still, a Sister of the main,

Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign;

110

And happier *Peleus*, less ambitious, led

A mortal beauty to his equal bed!

E'er the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb

Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.

For soon alas! that wretched offspring slain,

115

New woes, new sorrows shall create again:

VOL. V.

C

'Tis

'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give ;
Patroclus dead, *Achilles* hates to live.
 Let me revenge it on proud *Hector*'s heart,
 Let his last spirit smoak upon my dart ;
 On thesee conditions will I breathe : Till then,
 I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears , at this , the Goddess shed :
 Ah then , I see thee dying , see thee dead !
 When *Hector* falls , thou dy'st.----Let *Hector* die , 125
 And let me fall ! (*Achilles* made reply .)
 Far lyes *Patroclus* from his native plain !
 He fell ; and falling wish'd my aid in vain.
 Ah then , sence from this miserable day
 I cast all hope of my return away ,
 Since unreveng'd , a hundred ghosts demand
 The fate of *Hector* from *Achilles*' hand ;
 Since here , for brutal courage far renown'd ,
 I live an idle burden to the ground ,
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill , 135
 More useful to preserve , than I to kill)
 Let me--- but oh ! ye gracious Pow'rs above !
 Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove :
 Far , far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast ,
 Sweet to the soul , as honey to the taste ;
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
 From fiery blood , and dark'ning all the mind.
 Me *Agamemnon* urg'd to deadly hate ;
 'Tis past---I quell it ; I resign to fate.
 Yes----I will meet the Murd'rer of my Friend , 145
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
 The stroke of Fate the bravest cannot shun :
 The great *Alcides* *Jove*'s unequal'd Son ,

BOOK XVIII.

35

To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And funk the victim of all-conqu'ring Death. 150
So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields;
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
Shall I not force some widow'd Dame to tear 155
With frantic hands, her long dishevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms----
In vain you hold me---? Hence! my Arms, my Arms!
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide, 161
That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.

My Son (*Cœrulean Thetis* made reply,
To Fate submitting with a secret sigh)
The host to succour, and thy Friends to save, 165
Is worthy thee; the duty of the Brave.
But can't thou, naked, issue to the plains?
Thy radiant Arms the *Trojan* foe detains:
Insulting *Hector* bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh. 170
Yet, yet a while, thy gen'rous ardor stay;
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent Arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian Arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the Daughters of the Main, 175
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.
Ye sister *Nereids*! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our Fathers sacred seat attend,
I go to find the Archite& divine,
Where yest *Olympus'* starry summits shine; 180
So

So tell our hoary Sire----this charge she gave :
 The sea-green Sisters plunge beneath the wave :
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes ,
 And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the *Greeks* : from furious *Hector's* force ,
 Urge to broad *Hellespont* their headlong course : 186
 Nor yet their Chiefs *Patroclus'* body bore
 Safe thro' the tempest , to the tented shore.
 The horse , the foot , with equal fury join'd ,
 Pour'd on the rear , and thunder'd close behind ; 190
 And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn ,
 The rage of *Hector* o'er the ranks was born :
 Thrice the slain Hero by the foot he drew ;
 Thrice to the skies the *Trojan* clamours flew.
 As oft th' *Ajaces* his assault sustain ; 195
 But check'd , he turns ; repuls'd , attacks again .
 With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires ,
 Nor yields a step , nor from his post retires .
 So watchful Sheperds strive to force , in vain ,
 The hungry Lion from a carcase slain . 200
 Ev'n yet , *Patroclus* had he born away ,
 And all the glories of th' extended day ;
 Had not high *Juno* , from the realms of air ,
 Secret , dispatch'd her trusty messenger .
 The various Goddess of the showry bow , 205
 Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below ;
 To great *Achilles* at his ships she came ,
 And thus began the many-colour'd Dame .
 Rise , Son of *Peleus* ! rise divinely brave !
 Assist the combat , and *Patroclus* save :
 For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread ,
 And fall by mutual wounds around the dead . 210

To drag him back to *Troy* the foe contends;

Nor with his death the rage of *Hector* ends:

A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lye, 215
And marks the place to fix his head on high.

Rise, and prevent (if yet thou think of fame)

Thy Friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!

Who sends thee, Goddess! from th'etherial skies?

Achilles thus. And *Iris* thus replies. 220

I come, *Pelides*! from the Queen of *Jove*,

Th'immortal Empress of the realms above;

Unknown to him who sits remote on high,

Unknown to all the Synod of the sky.

Thou comst in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd) 225

Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?

Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,

Till *Thetis* bring me at the dawn of day

Vulcanian Arms: what other can I wield?

Except the mighty *Telamonian* shield? 230

That, in my Friends defence, has *Ajax* spread,

While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:

The gallant Chief defends *Menœtius'* Son,

And does, what his *Achilles* should have done.

Thy want of Arms (said *Iris*) well we know, 235

But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!

Let but *Achilles* o'er yon trench appear,

Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and consent to fear;

Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye

Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly. 240

She spoke, and past in air. The Hero rose;

Her *Ægis*, *Pallas* o'er his shoulders throws;

Around his brows a goldencloud she spread;

A stream of glory flam'd above his head.

As when from some beleagur'd Town arise
The smokes high-curling to the shaded skies ; 245
(Seen from some Island o'er the main afar,
When men distrest hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the Sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze ; 250
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heav'ns high arch reflects the ruddy light :
So from *Achilles'* head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze , against the skies.
Forth march'd the Chief, and distant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud ; 255
With her own shout *Minerva* swells the sound ;
Troy starts astonish'd , and the shores rebound.
As the loud Trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war , 260
Struck from the walls , the echoes float on high ,
And the round bulwarks , and thick tow'rs reply ;
So high his brazen voice the Hero rear'd ,
Hosts drop their Arms , and trembled as they heard ;
And back the chariots roll , and coursers bound , 265
And steeds and men lye mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living light'nings play ,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd ,
And thrice they fled , confounded and amaz'd . 270
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd , untimely rush'd
On their own spears , by their own chariots crush'd :
While shielded from the darts , the *Greeks* obtain
The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty heir the breathless Warrior bears : 275
Around , his sad companions melt in tears ,

But

BOOK XVIII.

39

But chief *Achilles* bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead.
Whom late, triumphant with his Steeds and Car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war , 280
(Unhappy change !) now senselss , pale , he found ,
Stretch'd forth, & gash'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime , unwear'y'd with his heavenly way ,
In ocean's waves th'unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb , at *Juno*'s high command , 285
And from their labours eas'd th' *Achaian* band.
The frightened *Trojans* (panting from the war ,
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)
A sudden Council call'd : each Chief appear'd
In haste , and standing ; for to fit they fear'd. 290
Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;
They saw *Achilles* , and in him their fate.
Silent they stood : *Polydamas* at last ,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past ,
The Son of *Panthus* thus exprest his fears ; 295
(The Friend of *Hector* , and of equal years :
The self same night to both a being gave ,
One wise in council one in action brave .)
In free debate, my Friends, your sentence speak :
For me , I move , before the morning break 300
To raise our camp ; too dang'rous here our post ,
Far from *Troy* walls , and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not *Greece* so dreadful , while engag'd
In mutual feuds , her King and Hero rag'd ;
Then , while we hop'd our Armies might prevail ,
We boldy camp'd beside a thousand fail. 306
I dread *Pelides* now : his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd ,

C 4

Nor

Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending Nations won and lost the day. 310
For *Troy*, for *Troy*, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to *Ilion*, while the fav'ring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's Sun behold us here, 315
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If Heav'n permits them then to enter *Troy*.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. 320
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The Town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs 326
Array'd in Arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
Let the fierce Hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent Coursers seek the fleet again: 330
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him, e'er he sack the town.
Return! (said *Hector*, fir'd with stern disdain)
What, coop whole Armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant Warriors say, 335
Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the World was *Ilion* fam'd of old
For brafs exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd; 340
The

BOOK XVIII. 41

The *Phrygians* now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud *Maonia* wafts the fruits of *Troy*.
Great *Jove* at length my Arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the *Grecians* in their wooden walls :
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite ? 345
Flies any *Trojan* ? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend ;
Take due refreshment , and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care ,
Forth let him bring them , for the troops to share ;
'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those ,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our Arms.
If great *Achilles* rise in all his might , 355
His be the danger : I shall stand the fight.
Honor , ye Gods ! or let me gain , or give ;
And live he glorious , whosoe'er shall live !
Mars is our common Lord , alike to all ;
And oft' the Victor triumphs , but to fall. 360
The shouting Host in loud applause join'd ;
So *Pallas* robb'd the many of their mind ,
To their own sense condemn'd ! and left to chuse
The worse advice , the better to refuse.
While the long night extends her sable reign , 365
Around *Patroclus* mourn'd the *Grecian* train.
Stern in superior grief *Pelides* stood ;
Those slaught'ring arms , so us'd to bathe in blood ,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs : Then gushing start
The tears , and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The Lion thus , wish dreadful anguish stung ; 370
Roars thro' the desart , and demands his young ;

When the grim savage to his rifled den
 Too late returning , snuffs the track of men ,
 And o'er the vales , and o'er the Forrest bounds ; 37;
 His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
 So grieves *Achilles* ; and impetuous , vents
 To all his *Myrmidons* , his loud laments.

In what vain promise , Gods ! did I engage ?
 When to console *Menestius*' feeble age , 380
 I vow'd his much-lov'd Offspring to restore ,
 Charg'd with rich spoils , to fair *Opuntia*'s shore !
 But mighty *Jove* cuts short , with just disdain ,
 The long , long views of poor , designing man !
 One fate the Warrior and the Friend shall strike , 385
 And *Troy*'s black fands must drink our blood alike :
 Me too , a wretched Mother shall deplore ,
 An aged Father never see me more !
 Yet , my *Patroclus* ! yet a space I stay ,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way . 390
 E'er thy dear relicks in the grave are laid ,
 Shall *Hector*'s head be offer'd to thy Shade ;
 That , with his Arms , shall hang before thy shrine ,
 And twelve , the noblest of the *Trojan* line ,
 Sacred to vengeance , by this hand expire ; 395
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre .
 Thus let me lie till then ! thus , closely prest ,
 Bathe thy cold face , and sob upon thy breast !
 While *Trojan* captives here thy mourners stay ,
 Weep all the night , and murmur all the day : 400
 Spoils of my Arms , and thine ; when , wasting wide ,
 Our swords kept time , and conquer'd side by side .

He spoke , and bid the sad attendants round
 Cleanse the pale corse , & wash each honour'd wound .

BOOK XVIII.

43

A masy caldron of stupendous frame

405

They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame :

Then heap the lighted wood ; the flame divides

Beneath the vase , and climbs around the sides :

In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream ;

The boiling water bubbles to the brim :

410

The body then they bathe with pious toil ,

Embalm the wounds , anoint the limbs with oyl ;

High on a bed of State extended laid ,

And decent cover'd with a linen shade ;

Last o'er the dead the milkwhite veil they threw ;

415

That done , their sorrows and their sighs renew .

Meanwhile to *Juno* , in the realms above ,

(His Wife and Sister) spoke almighty *Jove*.

At last thy will prevails : great *Peleus* Son

Rises in Arms : Such grace thy *Greeks* have won .

420

Say (for I know not) is their race divine ,

And thou the Mother of that martial line ?

What words are these (th' imperial Dame replies ,

While anger flash'd from her majestick eyes)

Succour like this a mortal arm might lend ,

425

And such success mere human wit attend :

And shall not I , the second Pow'r above ,

Heav'ns Queen , and Consort of the thund'ring *Jove* ,

Say , shall not I one nation's fate command ,

Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land ?

430

So they . Meanwhile the silver-footed Dame

Reach'd the *Vulcanian* dome ; eternal frame !

High eminent amid the works divine ,

Where heav'ns far-beaming brazen mansions shine .

There the lame Architect the Goddes found ,

435

Obscure in smoak , his forges flaming round ,

While

44 HOMER's ILIAD,

While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew ;
 And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
 That day, no common task his labour claim'd :
 Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd , 440
 That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold ,
 (Wond'rous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
 From place to place , around the blest abodes ,
 Self-mov'd , obedient to the beck of Gods :
 For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flow'rs,
 In molds prepar'd , the glowing ore he pours . 446
 Just as responsive to his thought , the frame
 Stood prompt to move , the azure Goddess came :
Charis, his Spouse , a Grace divinely fair ,
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450
 Observ'd her ent'ring ; her soft hand she pres'd ;
 And smiling , thus the wat'ry Queen address'd ,

What , Goddess ! this unusual favour draws ?
 All hail , and welcome ! whatsoe'er the cause :
 Till now a stranger , in a happy hour 455
 Approach , and taste the dainties of the bow'r .
 High on a throne , with stars of silver grac'd
 And various artifice , the Queen she plac'd ,
 A footstool at her feet : then calling , said ,
Vulcan draw near , 'tis *Thetis* asks your aid . 460

Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim ,
 An ever dear , and ever honour'd name !
 When my proud Mother hurl'd me from the sky ,
 (My awkward form , it seems , displeas'd her eye)
 She , and *Eury nome* , my griefs redrest , 465
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast .
 Ev'n then , these arts employ'd my infant thought ;
 Chains , bracelets , pendants , all their toys I wrought .

BOOK XVIII.

45

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God: 470

Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led,
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay? 475

Vouchsafe, O *Thetis*! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame Artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs, oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chest his instruments of trade.

Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast. 485

With his huge scepter grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the fire:
The Monarch's steps two female forms upheld,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;

To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine (such wonders are in heav'n!) 491

On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive *Thetis* fate;
There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed Dame. 495

Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls,
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?

'Tis thine, fair *Thetis*, the command to lay,
And *Vulcan*'s joy, and duty, to obey.

To whom the mournful Mother thus replies, 500
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)

Oh

Oh *Vulcan* ! say , was ever breast divine
 So pierc'd with sorrows , so o'erwhelm'd as mine ?
 Of all the Goddesses , did *Jove* prepare
 For *Thetis* only such a weight of care ?
 I , only I , of all the wat'ry race ,
 By force subjected to a Man's embrace ,
 Who , sinking now with age , and sorrow , pays
 The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
 Sprung from my bed a god-like Hero came ,
 The bravest sure that ever bore the name ;
 Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
 He grew , he flourish'd , and he grac'd the land :
 To *Troy* I sent him ! but his native shore
 Never , ah never , shall receive him more ;
 (Ev'n while he lives , he wastes with secret woe)
 Nor I , a Goddess , can retard the blow !
 Robb'd of the prize the *Grecian* suffrage gave ,
 The King of Nations forc'd his royal slave :
 For this he griev'd ; and till the *Greeks* opprest
 Requir'd his arm , he sorrow'd unredrest.
 Large gifts they promise , and their elders send ;
 In vain --- he arms not , but permits his Friend
 His Arms , his Steeds , his forces to employ ;
 He marches , combates , almost conquers *Troy* :
 Then slain by *Phœbus* (*Hector* had the name)
 At once resigns his armour , life and fame .
 But thou , in pity , by my pray'r be won ;
 Grace with immortal Arms this short-liv'd Son ,
 And to the field in martial pomp restore ,
 To shine with glory , till he shines no more !
 To her the Artist-God . Thy griefs resign ,
 Secure , what *Vulcan* can , is ever thine .

Could I hide him from the Fates as well ,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repell ,
As I shall forge most envy'd Arms , the gaze
Of wond'ring ages , and the world's amaze !

535

Thus having said , the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires .

Soon as he bade them blow , the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths ; and where the furnace burn'd ,
Resounding breath'd : At once the blast expires , 541
And twenty forges catch at once the fires ;

Just as the God directs , now loud , now low ,
They raise a tempest , or they gently blow .

In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd , 545
And stubborn brafs , and tin , and solid Gold :
Before , deep fix'd , th'eternal anvils stand ;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand ,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round ;
And thick , strong strokes , the doubling vaults rebound

Then first he form'd th'immense and solid *Shield* ;
Rich , various artifice emblaz'd the field ;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound ;
A silver chain suspends the massy round :
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose , 555
And god-like labours on the surface rose .

There shone the image of the Master Mind :
There Earth , there Heav'n , there Ocean he design'd ;
Th'unweary'd Sun , the Moon compleatly round ,
The starry lights that Heav'n's high convex crown'd ;
The Pleiads , Hyads , with the northern team , 561
And great Orion's more resplendent beam ;
To which , around the axle of the sky ,
The Bear revolving , points his golden eye ,

Still

Still shines exalted on th' ætherial plain ;
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two Citys radiant on the Shield appear ,
The image one of peace and one of war.
Here sacred pomp , and genial feast delight ,
And solemn dance , and *Hymeneal* rite ;
Along the street the new-made brides are led ,
With torches flaming , to the nuptial bed ;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute , and cittern's silver sound :
Thro' the fair streets , the matrons in a row ,
Stand in their porches , and enjoy the show .

There , in the *Forum* swar'm a num'rous train ;
The subject of debate , a Townsman slain :
One pleads the fine discharg'd , which one deny'd ,
And bade the publick and the laws decide :
The witness is produc'd on either hand ;
For this , or that , the partial people stand :
Th' appointed Heralds still the noisy bands ,
And form a ring with scepters in their hands .
On seats of stone , within the sacred place ,
The rev'rend Elders nodded o'er the case ;
Alternate , each th' attesting scepter took ,
And rising solemn , each his sentence spoke .
Two golden talents lay amidst , in sight ,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right .

Another part (a prospect diff'ring far)
Glow'd with resplendent arms , and horrid war .
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace ,
And one would pillage , one wou'd burn the place .
Meantime the Townsmen , arm'd with silent care ,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare :

Their

BOOK XVIII. 49

56 Their wives , their children , and the watchful band ,
Of trembling parents on the turrets stand .
They march ; by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold ;
Gold were the Gods , their radiant garments Gold ,
And Gold their armour : These the squadron led , 601
570 August , divine , superior by the head !
A place for ambush fit , they found , and stood
Cover'd with shields , beside a silver flood .
Two Spies at distance lurk , and watchful seem 605
If sheep or Oxen seek the winding stream .
7 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains ,
And steers slow-moving , and two Shepherd Swains ;
Behind them , piping on their reeds , they go ,
Nor fear an ambush , nor suspect a foe . 610
In Arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round
80 Rush sudden ; hills of slaughter heap the ground ,
Whole flocks and herds lye bleeding on the plains ,
And , all amidst them , dead , the Shepherd Swains !
The bellowing Oxen the besiegers hear ; 615
They rise , take horse , approach , and meet the war ;
They fight , they fall , beside the silver flood ;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood :
There tumult , there contention stood confest ;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast ; 620
One held a living foe , that freshly bled
With new-made wounds ; another dragg'd a dead .
Now here , now there , the carcases they tore :
Fate stalk'd amidst them , grim with human gore .
And the whole war came out , and met the eye ; 625
And each bold figure seem'd to live , or die .
A field deep furrow'd , next the God design'd ,
The third time labour'd by the sweating Hind ;

The shining shares full many Plowmen guide ;
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry fide.

630

Still as at either end they wheel around,

The Master meets 'em with his goblet crown'd ;

The hearty draught rewards , renews their toil;

Then back the turning plow-shares cleave the soil:

Behind the rising earth in ridges roll'd ,

635

And sable look'd , tho form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain ;

With bended sickles stand the reaper-train :

Here stretch'd in ranks the level'd swarths are found

Sheaves heap'd on sheaves , here thicken up the
ground.

640

With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;

The gath'fers follow , and collect in bands ;

And last the children , in whose arms are born

(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.

The rustic Monarch of the field descries

645

With silent glee , the heaps around him rise .

A ready banquet on the turf is laid ,

Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.

The victim-ox the sturdy youth prepare ;

The reaper's due repast , the women's care.

650

Next , ripe in yellow gold , a vineyard shines ,

Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines ;

A deeper dye the dangling clusters show ,

And curl'd on silver props , in order glow :

A darker metal mixt , intrench'd the place ;

655

And pales of glitt'ring tin th'enclosure grace.

To this , one pathway gently winding leads ,

Where march a train with baskets on their heads ,

(Fair

BOOK XVIII. 51

(Fair maids , and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year. 660

To these a youth awakes the warbling strings ,
Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings ;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train ,
Tune soft the voice , and answ're to the strain .

Here , herds of oxen march , erect and bold , 665
Rear high their horns , and seem to lowe in gold ,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars :
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand ,
And nine sour dogs compleat the rustic band . 670
Two Lions rushing from the wood appear'd ;
And seiz'd a Bull , the master of the herd :
He roar'd : in vain the dogs , the men withstood ,
They tore his flesh , and drank the sable blood .
The dogs (oft' chear'd in vain) desert the prey , 675
Dread the grim terrors , and at distance bay .

Next this , the eye the art of *Vulcan* leads
Deep thro' fair forests , and a length of meads :
And stalls , and fold's , and scatter'd corts between ;
And fleecy flocks , that whiten all the Scene . 680

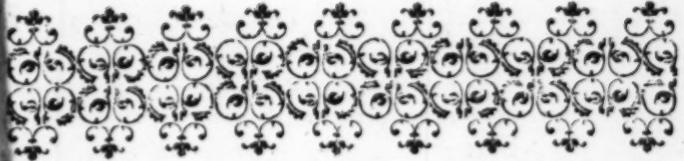
A figur'd dance succeeds : such once was seen
In lofty *Gnoffus* , for the *Cretan* Queen ,
Form'd by *Dedalean* art . A comely band
Of youths and maidens , bounding hand in hand !
The maids in soft cymarrs of linen drest ; 685
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest ;
Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd ,
Of these the fides adorn'd with swords of gold ,
That glitt'ring gay , from silver belts depend .
Now all at once they rise , at once descend , 690

With well-taught feet : now shape , in oblique ways ;
Confus'dly regular , the moving maze :
Now forth at once , too swift for sight , they spring ,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring ;
So whirls a wheel , in giddy circle tost , 695
And rapid as it runs , the single spokes are lost .
The gazing multitudes admire around ;
Two active tumblers in the center bound ;
Now high , now low , their pliant limbs they bend ;
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end . 700

Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd
With his last hand , and pour'd the ocean round :
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll ,
And beat the buckler's verge , and bound the whole .

This done , whate'er a Warrior's use requires 705
He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshone the fires ;
The greaves of ductile tin , the helm impreit
With various sculpture , and the golden crest .
At *Thetis'* feet the finish'd labour lay ;
She , as a falcon cuts th'aerial way , 710
Swift from *Olympus'* snowy summit flies ,
And bears the blazing present through the skies .





T H E
NINETEENTH BOOK
O F T H E
I L I A D.

The A R G U M E N T.

The Reconciliation of *Achilles* and
Agamemnon.

HETIS brings to her Son the Armour
made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his
Friend from corruption, and commands him
to assemble the Army, to declare his re-
sentment at an end. Agamemnon and
Achilles are solemnly reconcil'd: The speeches, presents,
and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great
difficulty persuaded to refrain from the Battel till the
Troops have refresh'd themselves, by the advice of U-
lysses. The presents are convey'd to the Tent of Achil-
les, where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus.
The Hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives him-
self

self up to lamentations for his Friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight; his appearance described. He addresses himself to his Horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspir'd to prophecy his fate; but the Hero, not astonish'd by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The Scene is on the Sea-shore.

SOON as *Aurora* heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heav'n with sacred light)
Th'immortal Arms the Goddess-Mother bears
Swift to her Son : Her Son she finds in tears,
Stretch'd o'er *Patroclus'* corse ; while all the rest
Their Sov'reign's sorrows in their own exprest.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, *Thetis* said.

 10
 Suppress (my Son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not Man, but Heav'n that gave the blow :
Behold what Arms by *Vulcan* are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

 11
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground ;
Clang the strong Arms, and ring the shores around :
Back shrink the *Myrmidons* with dread surprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the Hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire :

BOOK XIX.

55

He turns the radiant gift ; and feeds his mind
On all th'immortal Artist had design'd.

Goddes (he cry'd) these glorious Arms that shine
With matchless art , confess the hand divine. 26

Now to the bloody Battel let me bend :

But ah ! the relicks of my slaughter'd Friend !

In those wide wounds thro' which his spirit fled ,
Shall flies and worms obscene , pollute the dead ? 30

That unavailing care be laid aside ,

(The azure Goddess to her Son reply'd)

Whole years untouch'd , uninjur'd shall remain
Fresh as in life , the carcase of the slain.

But go , *Achilles* , (as affairs require) 35

Before the Grecian Peers renounce thine ire :

Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage ,
And heav'n with strength supply the mighty rage.

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd

Nectareous drops , and rich Ambrosia showr'd
O'er all the corse : The flies forbid their prey ,
Untouch'd it rests , and sacred from decay. 40

Achilles to the strand obedient went ;

The shores resounded with the voice he sent.

The Heroes heard , and all the naval train 45

That tend the ships , or guide them o'er the main ,
Alarm'd , transported , at the well-known sound ,
Frequent and full , the great Assembly crown'd ;
Studious to see that terror of the plain ,
Long lost to battel , shine in Arms again. 50

Tydides and *Ulysses* first appear ,
Lame with their wounds , and leaning on the spear ;
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd ,
The King of Men , *Atrides* , came the last :

56 HOMER's ILIAD,

He too sore wounded by *Agenor's Son.*

55

Achilles (rising in the midst) begun.

Oh Monarch ! better far had been the fate

Of thee , of me , of all the *Grecian State* ,

If , (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd ,

Rash we contended for the black-ey'd Maid)

60

Preventing *Dian* had dispatch'd her dart ,

And shot the shining mischief to the heart !

Then many a Hero had not pres'd the shore ,

Nor *Troy*'s glad fields been fatten'd with our gore :

Long , long shall *Greece* the woes we caus'd bewail ,

And sad posterity repeat the tale .

65

But this , no more the subject of debate ,

Is past , forgotten , and resign'd to fate :

Why should (alas !) a mortal man , as I ,

Burn with a fury that can never die ?

70

Here then my anger ends : Let war succeed ,

And ev'n as *Greece* has bled , let *Ilion* bleed .

Now call the hosts , and try , if in our fight ,

Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night ?

I deem , their mightiest , when this arm he knows ,

Shall 'scape with transport , and with joy repose .

He said : His finish'd wrath with loud acclaim

The *Greeks* accept , and shout *Pelides'* name .

When thus , not rising from his lofty Throne ,

In state unmov'd , the King of men begun .

75

Hear me ye Sons of *Greece* ! with silence hear !

And grant your Monarch an impartial ear ;

Awhile your loud , untimely joy suspend ,

And let your rash , injurious clamours end :

Unruly murmurs , or ill-tim'd applause ,

Wrong the best speaker , and the justest cause .

85

Nor

BOOK XIX. 57

Nor charge on me , ye *Greeks* , the dire debate ;
Know , angry *Jove* , and all-compelling *Fate* ,
With fell *Erynnis* , urg'd my wrath that day
When from *Achilles'* arms I forc'd the prey. 90

What then cou'd I , against the will of Heaven ?
Not by my self , but vengeful *Ate* driv'n ;
She , *Jove*'s dread daughter , fated to infest
The race of mortals , enter'd in my breast.

Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads , 95
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty Men ; inflicting as she goes
Long-felt'ring wounds , inextricable woes !

Of old , she stalk'd amid the bright abodes ;
And *Jove* himself , the Sire of Men and Gods , 100
The World's great Ruler , felt her venom'd dart ;
Deceiv'd by *Juno*'s wiles , and female art.

For when *Alcmena*'s nine long months were run ,
And *Jove* expected his immortal Son ;
To Gods and Goddesses th'unruly joy 105
He show'd , and vaunted of his matchless Boy :
From us (he said) this day an infant springs ,
Fated to rule , and born a King of Kings.

Saturnia ask'd an oath , to vouch the truth ,
And fix dominion on the favour'd Youth. 110

The Thund'rer , unsuspicious of the fraud ,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God .

The joyful Goddess , from *Olympus*' height ,
Swift to *Achaian Argos* bent her flight ;

Scarce sev'n Moons gone , lay *Sthenelus* his Wife ; 115
She push'd her ling'ring infant into life :
Her charms *Alcmena*'s coming labours stay ,
And stop the Babe , just issuing to the day.

D 5

Then

58 HOMER's ILIAD,

Then bids *Saturnius* bear his oath in mind ;
 A Youth (said she) of *Jove*'s immortal kind
 Is this day born : From *Sthenelus* he springs ,
 And claims thy promise to be King of Kings.
 Grieffeiz'd the Thund'rer , by his oath engag'd ;
 Stung to the soul , he sorrow'd , and he rag'd .
 From his ambrosial head , where perch'd she fate , 125
 He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate ,
 The dread , th'irrevocable oath he swore ,
 Th'immortal seats should ne'er behold her more ;
 And whirl'd her headlong down , for ever driv'n
 From bright *Olympus* and the starry Heav'n : 130
 Thence on the nether world the Fury fell ;
 Ordain'd with Man's contentious race to dwell .
 Full oft' the God his Son's hard toils bemoan'd ,
 Curs'd the dire Fury , and in secret groan'd .
 Ev'n thus , like *Jove* himself , was I misled , 135
 While raging *Hector* heap'd our Camps with dead .
 What can the errors of my rage attone ?
 My martial Troops , my treasures , are thy own :
 This instant from the Navy shall be sent
 Whate'er *Ulysses* promis'd at thy tent : 140
 But thou ! appeas'd , propitious to our pray'r ,
 Resume thy Arms , and shine again in war .
 O King of Nations ! whose superiour sway
 (Returns *Achilles*) all our Hosts obey !
 To keep , or send the presents , be thy care ;
 To us , 'tis equal : all we ask is war . 145
 While yet we talk , or but an instant shun
 The fight , our glorious work remains undone .
 Let ev'ry Greek who sees my spear confound
 The *Trojan* ranks , and deal destruction round , 150

With

BOOK XIX.

59

With emulation, what I act, survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.

The Son of Peleus thus : And thus replies
The great in Councils, *Ithacus* the wise.
Tho' god-like thou art by no toils opprest, 155
At least our Armies claim repast and rest :
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by gen'rous wine and food; 160
What boastful Son of war, without that stay,
Can last a Hero thro' a single day ?
Courage may prompt ; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported Man must yield at length ;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd, 165
The dropping body will desert the mind :
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band; 170
But let the presents, to *Achilles* made,
In full Assembly of all *Greece* belaid.
The King of Men shall rise in publick sight,
And solemn swear, (observant of the rite)
That spotless as she came, the Maid removes, 175
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid. [might,
Stretch not henceforth, O Prince ! thy sov'reign
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right ; 180
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to Kings belong'd,
To right with justice, whom with pow'r they
wrong'd. To

60 HOMER's ILIAD,

To him the Monarch. Just is thy decree,
 Thy words give joy , and wisdom breathes in thee.
 Each due atonement gladly I prepare ; 185
 And Heav'n regard me as I justly swear !
 Here then a while let *Greece* assembled stay ,
 Nor great *Achilles* grudge this short delay ;
 Till from the Fleet our presents be convey'd ,
 And , *Jove* attesting , the firm compact made . 190
 A train of noble Youth the charge shal bear ;
 These to select , *Ulysses* , be thy care :
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear ,
 And the fair train of Captives close the rear :
Talthybius shall the victim Boar convey , 195
 Sacred to *Jove* , and yon' bright orb of day .

For this (the stern *Æacides* replies)
 Some less important season may suffice ,
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er ,
 And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more . 200
 By *Hector* slain , their faces to the sky ,
 All grim with gaping wounds , our Heroes lye :
 Those call to war ! and might my voice incite ,
 Now , now this instant , shou'd commence the fight .
 Then , when the day's complete , let gen'rous bowls
 And copious banquets , glad your weary souls . 206
 Let not my palate know the taste of food ,
 Till my infatiate rage be cloy'd with blood :
 Pale lyes my Friend , with wounds disfigur'd o'er ,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door . 210
 Revenge is all my soul ! no meaner care ,
 Int'rest , or thought , has room to harbour there :
 Destruction be my feast , and mortal wounds ,
 And scenes of blood , and agonizing sounds .

O first of Greeks (*Ulysses* thus rejoin'd)
The best and bravest of the Warrior-kind ! 215
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine ,
But old experience and calm wisdom , mine .
Then hear my counsel , and to reason yield ,
The bravest soon are satiate of the field ; 220
Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain ,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain :
The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies ,
Great *Jove* but turns it , and the Victor dies !
The great , the bold , by thousands daily fall , 225
And endless were the grief , to weep for all .
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed ?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead :
Enough when death demands the brave , to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day . 230
One Chief with patience to the grave resign'd ,
Our care devolves on others left behind .
Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce ,
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice ,
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow , 235
And pour new furies on the feebler foe .
Yet a short interval , and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war ;
Who waits for that , the dire effect shall find .
If trembling in the ships he lags behind . 240
Embodyed , to the battel let us bend ,
And all at once on haughty *Troy* descend .
And now the delegates *Ulysses* sent ,
To bear the presents from the royal Tent .
The Sons of *Nestor* , *Phyleus'* valiant Heir , 245
Thias and *Merion* , thunderbolts of war ,
With

62 HOMER's ILIAD,

With *Lycodemos* of *Creionian* strain ,
And *Melanippus* , form'd the chosen train .
Swift as the word was given , the youths obey'd ;
Twice ten bright Vases in the midst they laid ; 250
A rowe of six fair Tripods then succeeds ;
And twice the number of high-bounding Steeds :
Sev'n Captives next a lovely line compose ;
The eighth *Briseis* , like the blooming rose ,
Clos'd the bright band : Great *Ithacus* , before , 255
First of the train , the golden Talents bore :
The rest in publick view the Chiefs dispose ,
A splendid scene ! Then *Agamemnon* rose :
The Boar *Talibybius* held : The *Grecian* Lord
Drew the broad cutlace sheath'd beside his sword ; 260
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops , and off ring meditates his vow .
His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies ,
On Heav'n's broad marble roof weere fix'd his eyes ,
The solemn words a deep attention draw , 265
And *Greece* around fate thrill'd with sacred awe .
Witness thou first ! thou greatest Pow'r above !
All good , all-wise , and all-surveying Jove !
And Mother Earth , and Heav'n's revolving Light ,
And ye , fell Furies of the realms of night , 270
Who rule the dead , and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd Kings , and all who falsely swear !
The black-ey'd Maid inviolate removes ,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves .
If this be false , Heav'n all its vengeance shed , 275
And level'd thunder strike my guilty head !
With that , his weapon deep inflicts the wound ;
The bleeding Savage tumbles to the ground :

The

The sacred Herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main. 280

Then thus *Achilles*. Hear, ye *Greeks*! and know
Whate'er we feel; 'tis *Jove* inflicts the woe:
Not else *Atrides* could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the Dame.
'Twas *Jove's* high will alone, o'eruling all, 285
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the *Greeks* to fall.
Go then ye Chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.

The speedy Council at his word adjourn'd;
To their black vessels all the *Greeks* return'd. 290
Achilles sought his Tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Those in the tents the Squires industrious spread;
The foaming Courfers to the stalls they led.
To their new seats the female Captives move; 295
Briseis, radiant as the Queen of love,
Slow as the past, beheld with sad survey
Where gash'd with cruel wounds, *Patroclus* lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly Fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair; 300
All-beautiful in grief, her humid eyes.
Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries.

Ah Youth! for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender Friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay; 305
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend?
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
The first lov'd consort of my virgin bed
Before these eyes in fatal battel bled:

310
My

My three brave Brothers in one mournful day
 All trod the dark irremovable way :
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain ,
 And dry'd my sorrows for a Husband slain ;
Achilles' care you promis'd I shou'd prove , 315
 The first , the dearest partner of his love ,
 That rites divine should ratify the band ,
 And make me Empress in his native land.
 Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they flow ,
 For thee , that ever felt another's woe ! 320

Her sister Captives echo'd groan for groan ,
 Nor mourn'd *Patroclus'* fortunes , but their own .
 The Leaders press'd the Chief on ev'ry fide ;
 Unmov'd , he heard them , and with sighs deny'd.

If yet *Achilles* have a Friend , whose care 325
 Is bent to please him , this request forbear :
 Till yonder Sun descend , ah let me pay
 To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke , and from the Warriors turn'd his face :
 Yet still the Brother-Kings of *Atreus'* race : 330
Nestor , *Idomeneus* , *Ulysses* sage ,
 And *Phoenix* , strive to calm his grief and rage ;
 His rage they calm not , nor his grief controul ;
 He groans , he raves , he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too , *Patroclus* ! (thus his heart he vents) 335
 Hast spread th'inviting banquet in our tents ;
 Thy sweet society , thy winning care ,
 Oft stay'd *Achilles'* rushing to the war .
 But now alas ! to Death's cold arms resign'd ,
 What banquet but revenge can glad my mind ? 340
 What greater sorrow could afflict my breast ,
 What more if hoary *Peleus* were deceast ?

BOOK XIX.

65

Who now, perhaps in *Pthia* dreads to hear
His Son's sad fate , and drops a tender tear.

What more , should *Neoptolemus* the brave ,
(My only Offspring) sink into the grave ?

345

If yet that Offspring lives , (I distant far ,
Of all neglectful , wage a hateful war .)

I cou'd not this , this cruel stroke attend ;

Fate claim'd *Achilles* , but might spare his Friend. 350

I hop'd *Patroclus* might survive , to rear

My tender Orphan with a Parent's care ;

From *Scyros* Isle conduct him o'er the main ,

And glad his eyes with his paternal Reign ,

The lofty Palace , and the large domain.

{ 355 }

For *Peleus* breathes no more the vital air ;

Or drags a wretched life of age and care ,

But till the news of my sad fate invades

His hastening soul , and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said : His grief the Heroes join'd , 360
Each stole a tear for what he left behind .

Their mingled grief the Sire of Heav'n survey'd ,
And thus , with pity , to his blue-ey'd Maid .

Is then *Achilles* now no more thy care ,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war ? 365
Lo , where yon' sails their canvas wings extend ,
All comfortless he sits , and wails his Friend :
Eer thirst and want his forces have opprest ,
Haste and infuse Ambrosia in his breast .

He spoke , and sudden as the word of *Jove* 370
Shot the descending Goddess from above .
So swift thro' æther the shrill *Harpye* springs ,
The wide air floating to her ample wings .
To great *Achilles* she her flight addrest ,
And pour'd divine Ambrosia in his breast ,

375
With

66 HOMER's ILIAD,

With Nectar sweet, (refection of the God's !)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the Ships the warrior train ,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of *Boreas* blow , 380
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow ;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies ,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies :
So helms succeeding helms , so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams , & brighten all the fields; 385
Broad-glitt'ring breastplates, spears with pointed rays
Mix in one stream , reflecting blaze on blaze :
Thick beats the center as the Coursers bound ,
With splendor flame the skies , and laugh the fields a-
round.

Full in the midst , high tow'ring o'er the rest , 390
His limbs in Arms divine *Achilles* dreft ;
Arms which the Father of the fire bestow'd ,
Forg'd on th'eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire ,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire , 395
He grinds his teeth , and furious with delay
O'erlooks th'embattled Host & hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold ;
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold :
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd , 400
That , starr'd with gems , hung glitt'ring at his side ;
And like the Moon , the broad resplendent shield
Blaz'd with long rays , and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wand'ring Sailors , pale with fears ,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waste , a light appears , 405
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high ,
Streams from some lonely watch-tow'r to the sky :

With

With mournful eyes they gaze , and gaze again ;
Loud howls the storm , & drives them o'er the main .

Next , his high head the helmet grac'd; behind 410
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind ;
Like the red Star , that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases , pestilence and war ;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head , [shed .
Trembled the sparkling plumes , and the loose glories
The Chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes ;
His Arms he poises , and his motions tries ;
Buoy'd by some inward force , he seems to swim ,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb .

And now he shakes his great paternal spear , 420
Pond'rous and huge ! which not a Greek could rear .
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd , and shap'd it for his Sire ;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields ,
The death of Heroes , and the dread of fields . 425

Automedon and *Alcimus* prepare
Th' immortal Coursers , and the radiant Car ,
(The silver traces sweeping at their side)
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd ,
The iv'ry studded reins , return'd behind , 430
Wav'd o'er their backs and to the Chariot join'd .
The Charioteer then whirl'd the lash around ,
And swift ascended at one active bound .
All bright in heav'nly Arms above his Squire
Achilles mounts and sets the field on fire ; 435
Not brighter , *Phœbus* in th' æthereal way ,
Flames from his Chariot , and restores the day .
High o'er the Host , all terrible he stands ,
And thunders to his Steeds these dread commands .

68 HOMER's ILIAD,

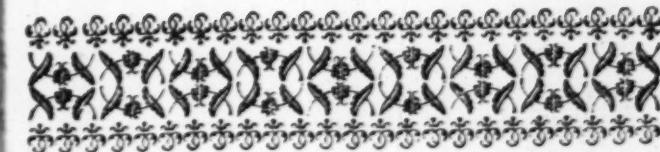
Xanthus and *Balius* ! of *Podarges'* strain , 440
 (Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain)
 Be swift , be mindful of the load ye bear ,
 And learn to make your Master more your care :
 Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaught'ring sword ,
 Nor , as ye left *Patroclus* leave your Lord . 445

The gen'rous *Xanthus* , as the words he said ,
 Seem'd sensible of woe , and droop'd his head :
 Trembling he stood before the golden wain ,
 And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane ;
 When strange to tell ! (So *Juno* will'd) he broke 450
 Eternal silence , and portentous spoke .

Achilles ! yes ! this day at least we bear
 Thy rage in safety thro' the files of war :
 But come it will , the fatal time must come ,
 Nor ours the fault , but God decrees thy doom . 455
 Not thro' our crime , or flowness in the course ;
 Fell thy *Patroclus* , but by heav'nly force .
 The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day ,
 (Confest we saw him) tore his Arms away .
 No----could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail , 460
 Or beat the pinions of the western gale ,
 All were in vain----The Fates thy death demand ,
 Due to a mortal and immortal hand .

Then ceas'd for ever , by the *Furies* ty'd ,
 His fate-ful voice . Th'intrepid Chief reply'd , 465
 With unabated rage---So let it be !
 Portents and prodigies are lost on me .
 I know my fates : To die , to see no more
 My much lov'd parents , and my native shore---
 Enough----When Heav'n ordains , I sink in night ;
 Now perish *Troy* ! He said , and rush'd to fight . 471

THE



T H E
T W E N T I E T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

The A R G U M E N T.

The Battel of the Gods, and the Acts
of Achilles.

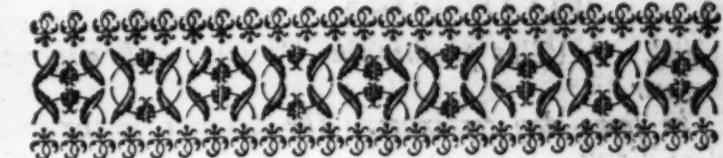
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40
45
50
55

T H E
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

The ARGUMENT.

The Battel of the Gods, and the Acts
of Achilles.

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a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The Scene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black Battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the Senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternel adamantine Dome. 10
Not one was absent; not a rural Pow'r
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure Sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps. 15
On marble Thrones with lucid columuns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan) fate the Pow'rs around.

* Nep-
tune. Ev'n * he whose Trident sways the watry reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main, 20
Assum'd his Throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the Sire of Men and Gods.

What moves the God who Heav'n and earth com-
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands, [mands,
Thus to convene the whole ætherial State? 25
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?

Already

BOOK XXX.

71

Already met, the low'ring Hosts appear,
And Death stands ardent on the edge of War.

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling Pow'r replies)
This day , we call the council of the skies 30
In care of human Race ; ev'n *Jove's* own eye
Sees with regret unhappy Mortals die.
Far on *Olympus'* top in secret state
Ourself will sit , and see the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celestial Pow'rs ! descend , 35
And as your minds direct , your succour lend
To either Host. *Troy* soon must lye o'erthrown ,
If uncontroll'd *Achilles* fights alone :
Their Troops but lately durst not meet his eyes ;
What can they now , if in his rage he rise ? 40
Assist them Gods ! or *Ilion's* sacred wall
May fall this day , tho' Fate forbids the fall.
He said , and fir'd their heav'nly breasts with rage :
On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'ns awful Queen ; and he whose azure round 45
Girds the vast Globe ; the Maid in Arms renown'd ;
Hermes , of profitable arts the Sire ;
And *Vulcan* , the black Sov'reign of the fire :
These to the Fleet repair with instant flight ,
The Vessels tremble as the Gods alight. 50
In aid of *Troy* , *Latona* , *Phœbus* came ,
Mars fiery-helm'd , the laughter-loving Dame ,
Xanthus whose streams in golden currents flow ,
And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
Eer yet the Gods their various aid employ ; 55
Each *Argive* bosom swell'd with manly joy ,
While great *Achilles* , (terror of the plain)
Long lost to battel , shone in arms again.

Dreadful he stood in front of all his Host ;
Pale *Troy* beheld, and seem'd already lost ;
Her bravest Heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of war.

But when the Pow'rs descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose ; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face ; then Discord sounds alarms ,
Earth echoes , and the Nations rush to Arms.
Now thro' the trembling shores *Minerva* calls ,
And now she thunders from the *Grecian* walls.

Mars hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests , and a night of clouds :
Now thro' each *Trojan* heart he fury pours
With voice divine from *Ilion*'s topmost tow'r's ,
Now shouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous hill :
The Mountain shook , the rapid stream stood still.
Above , the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls ,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath , stern *Neptune* shakes the solid ground ;
The forests wave , the mountains nod around ;
Thro' all their sumits tremble *Ida*'s woods ,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.

Troy's turgets totter on the rocking plain ;
And the toss'd nayies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead ,
Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head ,
Leap'd from his Throne, lest *Neptune*'s arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day ,
And pour in light on *Pluto*'s drear abodes ,

Athorrd by Men , and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' Immortals wage : Such horrors rend
The World's vast concave , when the Gods contend.

First

BOOK XXX.

73

First silver-shafted *Phœbus* took the plain
 Against blue *Neptune*, Monarch of the main :
 The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd ,
 Oppos'd to *Pallas*, War's triumphant Maid.

90

Against *Latona* march'd the Son of *May* ;
 The quiver'd *Dian*, Sister of the Day ,
 (Her golden arrows sounding at her side)
Saturnia, Majesty of Heav'n , defy'd .

95

With fiery *Vulcan* last in battle stands
 The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ;
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth ,
 But call'd *Scamander* by the Sons of Earth.

100

While thus the Gods in various league engage ,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage :
Hector he sought , in search of *Hector* turn'd
 His eyes around , for *Hector* only burn'd ;
 And burst like light'ning thro' the ranks , and vow'd
 To glut the God of battles with his blood.

105

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay ;
Apollo wedg'd him in the Warrior's way ,
 But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might ,
 Half-forc'd , and half-persuaded to the fight.
 Like young *Lycœn* , of the Royal line ,
 In voice and aspect , seem'd the Pow'r divine ;
 And bade the Chief reflect , how late with scorn
 In distant threats he brav'd the Goddess-born.

110

115

Then thus the Hero of *Anchises'* strain :
 To meet *Pelides* you persuade in vain ;
 Already have I met , nor void of fear
 Observ'd the fury of his flying spear ;
 From *Ida*'s woods he chas'd us to the field ,
 Our force he scatter'd and our herds he kill'd ;

120

Lyrnessus, Pegasus in ashes lay ;
 But (*Jove* assisting) I surviv'd the day.
 Else had I sunk opprest in fatal fight ,

125

By fierce *Achilles* and *Minerva*'s might.

Where-e'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before ,
 And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.

What mortal Man *Achilles* can sustain ?

129

Th' Immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain
 And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.

Were God my aid, this arm should check his pow'r,
 Tho' strong in battel as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the Son of *Jove*; That God implore ,
 And be , what great *Achilles* was before.

135

From heav'nly *Venus* thou deriv'st thy strain ,
 And he , but from a Sister of the Main;

An aged Sea-God , Father of his line ,
 But *Jove* himself the sacred source of thine.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow ,
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

140

This said , and spirit breath'd into his breast ,
 Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd Hero prest :
 His vent'rous act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd ,
 And thus , assembling all the Pow'rs , she said.

145

Behold an action , Gods ! that claims your care ,
 Lo great *Aeneas* rushing to the war ;
 Against *Pelides* he directs his course ,
Phœbus impells , and *Phœbus* gives him force .
 Restraine his bold career ; at least , t'attend

150

Our favour'd Hero , let some Pow'r descend .

To guard his life , and add to his renown ,

We , the great Armament of Heav'n came down .

Here

BOOK XX.

७८

159

161

165

170

109

Here after let him fall , as Fates design ,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line :
But left some adverse God now cross his way ,
Give him to know , what Pow'rs assist this day :
For how shall Mortal stand the dire alarms ,
When Heav'ns resplendent Host appear in Arms ?

Thus she ; and thus the God whose force can make
The solid Globe's eternal basis shake. 161
Against the might of Man , so feeble known ,
Why shou'd coelestial Pow'rs exert their own ?
Suffice , from yonder mount to view the scene ;
And leave to war the fates of mortal Men. 165
But ifth' Armipotent , or God of light ,
Obstruct *Achilles* , or commence the fight ,
Thence on the Gods of *Troy* we swift descend :
Full soon , I doubt not , shall the conflict end ;
And these , in ruin and confusion hurl'd ,
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world. 170

Thus having said, the Tyrant of the sea
Cœrulean *Neptune*, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around; 175
In elder times to guard *Alcides* made,
(The work of *Trojans*, with *Minerva's* aid)
What-time, a vengeful Monster of the man
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here *Neptune*, and the Gods of *Greece* repair, 180
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse Pow'rs, around *Apollo* laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver *Simois* shade.
In circle close each heav'nly party fate,
Intent to form the future scheme of fate; 185

But mix not yet in fight , tho' Jove on high
Gives the loud signal , and the Heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the rushing Armies hide the ground ;
The trampled center yields a hollow sound :
Steeds cas'd in mail , and Chiefs in armour bright , 190
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light .

Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
There great *Achilles* , bold *Aeneas* here .

With tow'ring strides *Aeneas* first advanc'd ;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd , 195
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore ,
And , as he mov'd , his jav'lin flam'd before .

Not so *Pelides* ; furious to engage ,
He rush'd impetuous . Such the Lion's rage ,
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes , 200
Tho' all in arms the peopled City rise ,

Stalks careless on , with unregarding pride ;
Till at the length , by some brave Youth defy'd ,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone ,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan ; 205

He grins , he foams , he rolls his eyes around ;
Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound :
He calls up all his rage ; he grinds his teeth ,
Resolv'd on vengeance , or resolv'd on death .

So fierce *Achilles* on *Aeneas* flies ;
So stands *Aeneas* , and his force defies .
Eer yet the stern encounter join'd , begun
The seed of *Thetis* thus to *Venus'* Son .

Why comes *Aeneas* thro' the ranks so far ?
Seeks he to meet *Achilles'* arm in war ,
In hope the Realms of *Priam* to enjoy , 215
And prove his merits to the Throne of *Troy* ?

BOOK X.

77

Grant that beneath thy lance *Achilles* dies,
The partial Monarch may refuse the prize ;
Sons he has many, those thy pride may quell ; 220
And 'tis his fault to love those Sons too well.

Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has *Troy* propos'd some spacious tract of land ?

An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain ? 225
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot :
But can *Achilles* be so soon forgot ?

Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear
And then the great *Aeneas* seem'd to fear.

With hearty haste from *Ida*'s mount he fled, 230
Nor, till he reach'd *Lyrnessus*, turn'd his head.

Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd,
Those, *Pallas*, *Jove*, and we, in ruins laid :

In *Grecian* chains her captive race were cast ;
'T is true, the great *Aeneas* fled too fast. 235

Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.

Go, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate ;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

To this *Anchises'* Son. Such words employ 240
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy :
Such we disdain ; the best may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride :
Unworthy the high Race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of Fame ; 245
Each from illustrious Fathers draws his line ;
Each Goddess-born, half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day or *Venus'* Offspring dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes :

For

For when two Heroes , thus deriv'd , contend , 250
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.

If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
 (A tale resounded thro' the spacious Earth)

Hear how the glorious origine we prove

From ancient *Dardanus* , the first from *Jove* : 255

Dardania's walls he rais'd ; for *Lion* , then ,
 (The City since of many-languag'd Men)

Was not . The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of *Ida*'s fount-ful hil.

From *Dardanus* , great *Erichthonius* springs , 260

The richest , once , of *Asia*'s wealthy Kings.

Three thousand Mares his spacious pastures bred ,
 Three thousand Foals beside their Mothers fed .

Boreas , enamour'd of the sprightly train ,

Conceal'd his Godhead in a flowing mane , 265

With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd ,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead :

Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind ,
 Swift as their Mother Mares , and Father wind .

These lightly skimming , when they swept the plain ,
 Nor ply'd the grafts , nor bent the tender grain ; 271

And when along the level seas they flew ,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew .

Such *Erichthonius* was : From him there came

The sacred *Tros* , of whom the *Trojan* name . 275

Three Sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed ,
Iulus , *Affaracus* , and *Ganymed* :

The matchless *Ganymed* , divinely fair ,
 Whom Heaven enamour'd snatch'd to upper air ,

To bear the cup of *Jove* (*Æthereal* guest) 280

The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast .

The

The two remaining Sons the line divide :

First rose *Laomedon* from *Ilus'* side ;

From him *Tithonus*, now in cares grown old ,

And *Priam*, (blest with *Hector*, brave and bold :) 285

Clytius and *Lampus*, ever-honour'd pair ;

And *Hicetaon*, Thunderbolt of war.

From great *Affaracus* sprung *Capys*, he

Begat *Anchises*, and *Anchises* me.

Such is our race : 'Tis Fortune gives us birth , 295

But *Jove* alone endues the soul with worth :

He, source of pow'r and might! with boundless sway,

All human courage , gives , or takes away.

Long in the field of words we may contend,

Reproach is infinite , and knows no end , 295

Arm'd or with truth or falsehood , right or wrong ,

So voluble a weapon is the tongue ;

Wounded , we wound ; and neither side can fail ,

For ev'ry Man has equal strength to rail :

Women alone , when in the streets they jar , 300

Perhaps excel us in this wordy war ;

Like us they stand , encompass'd with the crowd ,

And vent their anger , impotent and loud.

Cease then---- Our business in the field of fight

Is not to question , but to prove our might. 305

To all those insults thou hast offer'd here ,

Receive this answer : 'Tis my flying spear.

He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung ,

Fix'd deep , and loudly in the buckler rung.

Far on his out-stretch'd arm , *Pelides* held 310

(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield ,

That trembled as it stuck ; nor void of fear

Saw , e'er it fell , th'immeasurable spear.

His

His fears were vain, impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial Arms. 315

Thro' two strong plates the point its passage held,
But stopp'd , and rested , by the third repell'd ;
Five plates of various metal , various mold ,
Compos'd the Shield ; of bras each outward fold ,
Of tin each inward , and the middle gold ; 320
There stuck the lance. Then rising'eer he threw ,
The forceful spear of great *Achilles* flew ,
And pierc'd the *Dardan* shield's extremest bound ,
Where the shill bras return'd a sharper sound :
Thro' the thin verge the *Pelian* weapon glides 325
And the slight cov'ring of expanded hydes.

Æneas his contracted body bends ,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends ,
Sees , thro' its parting plates , the upper air ,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear : 330
A fate so near him , chills his soul with fright ,
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles , rushing in with dreadful cries ,
Draws his broad blade , and at *Æneas* flies :

Æneas rouzing as the Foe came on , 335
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone :
A mass enormous ! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate Sons could raise.
But Ocean's God , whose earthquakes rock the
ground ,

Saw the distress , and mov'd the Pow'rs around. 340
Lo ! on the brink of fate *Æneas* stands ,
An instant victim to *Achilles* hands :
By *Phœbus* urg'd ; but *Phœbus* has bestow'd
His aid in vain : The Man o'erpow'rs the God.

And

BOOK XX.

81

And can ye see this righteous Chief attone
 With guiltless blood , for vices not his own ?
 To all the Gods his constant vows were paid ;
 Sure , tho' he wars for *Troy* , he claims our aid.

Fate wills not this , nor thus can *Jove* resign

The future Father of the *Dardan* Line :

345

The first great Ancestor obtain'd his grace ,

And still his love descends on all the Race.

For *Priam* now , and *Priam's* faithless Kind ,

At length are odious to th'all-seeing Mind ;

On great *Aeneas* shall devolve the Reign ,

355

And Sons succeeding Sons , the lasting line sustain.

The great Earth-shaker thus : To whom replies

Th'Imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes.

Good as he is , to immolate or spare

The *Dardan* Prince , O *Neptune* , be thy care ;

Pallas and I , by all that Gods can bind ,

Have swörn destruction to the *Trojan* Kind :

Not ev'n an instant to protract their fate ,

Or save one member of the sinking State ;

Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore ,

And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The King of Ocean to the fight descends ,
 Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends ,
 Swift interpos'd between the Warriors flies ,
 And casts thick darkness o'er *Achilles'* eyes.

From great *Aeneas'* shield the spear he drew ,

And at its Master's feet the weapon threw .

That done , with force divine , he snatch'd on high

The *Dardan* Prince , and bore him thro' the sky ,

VOL. V.

F

Smooth-

360
365
370

Smooth-gliding without step , above the heads , 375
 Of warring Heroes , and of bounding Steeds.
 Till at the battel's utmost verge they light ,
 Where the slow *Caucos* close the rear of fight.
 The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd)
 With words like these the panting Chief address'd.

What Pow'r , O Prince , with force inferior far ,
 Urg'd thee to meet *Achilles'* arm in war ?
 Henceforth beware , nor antedate thy doom ,
 Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
 But when the day decreed (for come it must) 385
 Shall lay this dreadful Hero in the dust ,
 Let then the furies of that arm be known ,
 Secure , no *Grecian* force transcends thy own.

With that , he left him wond'ring as he lay ,
 Then from *Achilles* chas'd the mist away : 390
 Sudden , returning with the stream of light ,
 The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
 Then thus , amaz'd : What wonders strike my mind !
 My spear , that parted on the wings of wind ,
 Laid here before me ! and the *Dardan* Lord 395
 That fell this instant , vanish'd from my sword !
 I thought alone with Mortals to contend ,
 But Pow'rs cœlestial sure this foe defend.
 Great as he is , our arm he scarce will try ,
 Content for once , with all his Gods , to fly . 400
 Now then let others bleed---This said , aloud
 He vents his fury , and inflames the crowd.
 O *Greeks* (he cries , and every rank alarms)
 Join battel , Man to Man , and Arms to Arms !

'Tis

'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the sky, 405
To mow whole Troops, and make whole Armies fly:
No God can singly such a Host engage,
Not *Mars* himself, nor great *Minerva's* rage.
But whatsoe'er *Achilles* can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire, 410
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey,
All, all *Achilles*, *Greeks*! is yours to-day.
Thro' yon wide Host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the Squadrons with my single spear.

He said: Nor less elate with martial joy, 415
The god-like *Hector* warm'd the Troops of *Troy*.
Trojans to war! Think *Hector* leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of *Peleus'* haughty Son;
Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words
Insult the Brave, who tremble at their swords: 420
The weakest Atheist-wretch all Heav'n defies,
But shrinks and shudders, when the Thunder flies.
Nor from yon' Boaster shall your Chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were steel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that steel, your *Hector* shou'd withstand, 425
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus, breathing rage thro' all the Hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamors on clamors tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war. 430
But *Phœbus* warns him from high Heav'n, to shun
The single fight with *Thetis'* god-like Son,
More safe to combate in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of light, 435
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

84 HOMER's ILIAD,

Then fierce *Achilles*, shouting to the skies,
On *Troy*'s whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls *Iphytion*, at his Army's head;
Brave was the Chief, and brave the Host he led; 440
From great *Otrynteus* he deriv'd his blood,
His Mother was a *Naias* of the flood;
Beneath the shades of *Imolus*, crown'd with snow,
From *Hyde*'s walls, he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides; 445
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding Arms he strikes the plain;
While thus *Achilles* glories o'er the slain.

Lye there *Otryntides*! the *Trojan* earth
Receives thee dead, tho' *Gyga* boast thy birth; 450
Those beauteous fields where *Hyllus*' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous *Hermus* swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more---Th'insulting Hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of *Greece* the body tore, 455
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, *Antenor*'s Offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th'impatient steel with full-descending sway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way, 460
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This fees *Hippodamas*, and seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound 465
The panting *Trojan* rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: Not louder roars
At *Neptunes* shrine on *Helice*'s high shores

The

The victim bull ; the rocks rebelow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.

470

Then fell on *Polydore* his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of *Priam's* stooping age :
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpast)
Of all his Sons , the dearest , and the last.

475

To the forbidden field he takes his flight

In the first folly of a youthful Knight ,
To vaunt his swiftness , wheels around the plain ,
But vaunts not long , with all his swiftness slain.

Struck where the crossing belts unite behind ,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd : 480
Forth thro' the navel burst the thrilling steel ;
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell ;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground ,
His hands collect , and darkness wraps him round .

When *Hector* view'd , all ghastly in his gore 485

Thus sadly slain , th'unhappy *Polydore*,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight ,
His Soul no longer brook'd the distant fight ,
Full in *Achilles'* dreadful front he came ,

And shook his jav'lin like a waving flame. 490

The Son of *Peleus* sees , with joy possest ,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast :
And , lo ! the Man , on whom black fates attend ,
The Man , that flew *Achilles* , in his Friend !

No more shall *Hector's* and *Pelides'* spear 495

Turn from each other in the walks of war---

Then with revengeful eyes he scan'd him o'er :
Come , and recive thy fate ! He spake no more.

Hector , undaunted , thus . Such words employ
To one that dreads thee , some unwarlike boy : 500

86 HOMER's ILIAD,

Such we could give , defying and defy'd,
 Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride !
 I know thy force to mine superior far ;
 But Heav'n alone confers success in war :
 Mean as I am , the Gods may guide my dart , 505
 And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance : But *Pallas'* heav'nly breath ,
 Far from *Achilles* wafts the winged death :
 The bidden dart again to *Hector* flies ,
 And at the feet of its great Master lies. 510

Achilles closes with his hated Foe ,
 His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow :
 But present to his aid , *Apollo* shrouds
 The favour'd Hero in a veil of clouds.
 Thrice struck *Pelides* with indignant heart , 515
 Thrice in impassive air he plang'd the dart :
 The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud ,
 He foams with fury , and exclaims aloud. [flight

Wretch ! Thou hast scap'd again. Once more thy
 Has sav'd thee , and the partial God of light. 520
 But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand ,
 If any Pow'r assist *Achilles'* hand.
 Fly then inglorious ! But thy flight this day
 Whole Hecatombs of *Trojan* Ghosts shall pay.

With that , he gluts his rage on numbers slain : 525
 Then *Dryops* tumbled to th'ensanguin'd plain ,
 Pierc'd thro' the neck : He left him panting there ,
 And stopp'd *Demuchus* , great *Philetor*'s heir ,
 Gigantic Chief ! Deep gash'd th'enormous blade ,
 And for the soul an ample passage made. 530
Laogonus and *Dardanus* expire ,
 The valiant Sons of an unhappy Sire ;

Both

Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world ;
This diff'rence only their sad fates afford, 535
That one the spear destroy'd , and one the sword.

Nor less un pity'd young *Alastor* bleeds ;
In vain his youth , in vain his beauty pleads :
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan ,
To spare a form , and age so like thy own ! 540
Unhappy Boy ! no pray'r , no moving art
E'er bent that fierce , inexorable heart !
While yet he trembled at his knees , and cry'd ,
The ruthless falchion op'd his tender side ;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore , 545
That drowns his bosom , till he pants no more .

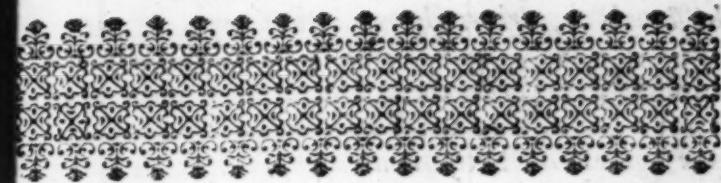
Thro' *Mulius'* head then drove th' impetuous spear ,
The Warrior falls , transfix'd from ear to ear .
Thy life *Echeclus* ! next the sword bereaves ,
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous falchion cleaves ;
Warm'd in the brain the smoaking weapon lies , 551
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes .
Then brave *Deucalion* dy'd : The dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung ;
He dropp'd his arm , an unassisting weight , 555
And stood all impotent , expecting fate :
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped ,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head :
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies ,
And sunk in dust , the corps extended lies . 560
Rhigmus , whose race from fruitful *Thracia* came ,
(The Son of *Pireus* , an illustrious name ,)
Succeeds to fate : The spear his belly rends ;
Prone from his car the thund'ring Chief descends :

88 HOMER's ILIAD.

The Squire who saw expiring on the ground 563
His prostrate Master , rein'd the steeds around ;
His back scarce turn'd , the *Pelian* jav'lin gor'd ;
And stretch'd the Servant o'er his dying Lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills ,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills ; 570
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies ,
Fires the high woods , and blazes to the skies ,
This way and that , the spreading torrent roars ;
So sweeps the Hero thro' the wasted shores ;
Around him wide , immense destruction pours , 575
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er ,
And thick besrown , lies *Ceres'* sacred floor ,
When round and round with never-weary'd pain ,
The trampling Steers beat out th'unnumber'd grain .
So the fierce Coursers , as the chariot rolls , 581
Tread down whole ranks , & crush out Hero's souls
Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly ,
Black bloody drops the smoaking chariot die :
The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore ; 585
And thick the groaning axles drop'd with gore .
High o'er the scene of death *Achilles* stood ,
All grim with dust , all horrible in blood :
Yet still infatiate , still with rage on flame ;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame ! 590



THE



T H E
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
O F T H E
I L I A D.

The A R G U M E N T.

The Battel in the River Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the Town, others to the river Scamander: He falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the Shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the Hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues

the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy; Agenor makes a stand, and is convey'd away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their City.

The same day continues. The Scene is on the bank and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to *Xanthus*' gliding stream they drove:
A*xanthus*, immortal progeny of *Jove*.
 The River here divides the flying train.
 Part to the Town fly diverse o'er the plain,
 Where late their Troops triumphant bore the fight,
 Now chanc'd and trembling in ignoble flight :
 { These with a gather'd mist *Saturnia* shrouds,
 And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
 Part plunge into the stream : Old *Xanthus* roars,
 The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores :
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,
 And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
 The flouncing Steeds and shrieking Warriors
 drown'd.

As the scorch'd Locusts from their fields retire ,
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire ;
 Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud ,
 The clust'ring Legions rush into the flood :
 So plung'd in *Xanthus* by *Achilles*' force ,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse .
 His bloody lance the Hero casts aside ,
 (Which spreading Tam' risks on the margin hide)

Then

BOOK XXXI.

91

Then like a God, the rapid billows braves, [yes;
Arm'd with his sword, high-brandish'd o'er the wa-
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan the waters with the dying sound; 25
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tyde.
Swift thro' the foamy flood the *Trojans* fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lye.
So the huge *Dolphin* tempesting the main, 30
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd, they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tir'd with slaughter, from the *Trojan* band
Twelve chosen Youths he drags alive to land; 35
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains,
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to *Patroclus'* Shade.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood, 40
The young *Lycaon* in his passage stood;
The Son of *Priam*, whom the Hero's hand
But late made captive in his Father's land.
(As from a Sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel) 45
To *Lemnos'* Isle he sold the Royal slave,
Where *Jason*'s Son the price demanded gave:
But kind *Eetion* touching on the shore,
The ransom'd Prince to fair *Arisbe* bore.
Ten days were past, since in his Father's reign 50
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom Men in vain withstand,
Gives the same Youth to the same conqu'ring hand;
Now

92 HOMER's ILIAD,

Now never to return ! and doom'd to go
 A sadder journey to the Shades below. 55
 His well known face when great *Achilles* ey'd
 , The helm and vizor he had cast aside
 With wild affright , and drop'd upon the field
 His useless lance and unavailing shield)
 As trembling , panting , from the stream he fled , 60
 And knock'd his fault'ring knees , the Hero said.

Ye mighty Gods ! what wonders strike my view :
 Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue ?
 Sure I shall see yon' heaps of *Trojans* kill'd
 Rise from the Shades , and brave me on the field : 65
 As now the Captive , whom so late I bound
 And sold to *Lemnos* , stalks on *Trojan* ground !
 Not him the Seas unmeasur'd deeps detain ,
 That barr such numbers from their native plain ;
 Lo ! he returns ! Try then , my flying spear ! 70
 Try , if the grave can hold the wanderer ;
 If Earth at length this active Prince can seize ,
 Earth , whose strong grasp has held down *Hercules*.

Thus while he spake , the *Trojan* pale with fears
 Approach'd , & sought his knees with suppliant tears :
 Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath ,
 And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the spear , prepar'd to wound ;
 He kis'd his feet , extended on the ground :
 And while above the spear suspended stood , 80
 Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood ;
 One hand embrac'd them close , one stopt the dart ;
 While thus these melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well-known Captive , great *Achilles* ! see ,
 Once more *Lycaon* trembles at thy knee ; 85

Some

Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of *Ceres* at thy board,
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to *Lemnos* bore,
Far from his Father, Friends and native shore;
A hundred Oxen were his price that day, 90
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning Suns have seen me here:
Lo! *Jove* again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her Victim cruel Fate demands! 95
I sprung from *Priam*, and *Laothoe* fair,
(Old *Aste*'s Daughter, and *Lelegia*'s heir;
Who held in *Pedasus* his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver *Satnio* flow'd)
Two Sons(alas, unhappy Sons) she bore, 100
For ah! one spear shall drink each Brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd *Polydore*.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some Dæmon urges ! 'tis my doom to die! 105
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah ! think not me too much of *Hector*'s kind:
Not the same Mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd *Patroclus*' death.
These words attended with a show'r of tears, 110
The Youth address't to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a single *Trojan* sues for grace;
But least, the Sons of *Priam*'s hateful race 115
Die then, my Friend ! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good *Patroclus* is no more!

He,

He ; far thy better, was fore-doomd' to die ;
 ,, And thou, dost thou , bewail mortality ?
 See'it thou not me , whom Nature's gifts adorn , 120
 Sprung from a Hero , from a Goddess born ;
 The day shail come (which nothing can avert)
 When by the spear , the arrow , or the dart ,
 By night , or day , by force or by design ,
 Impending death and certain Fate are mine. 125
 Die then----He said ; and as the word he spoke
 The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke ;
 His hand forgot its grasp , and left the spear :
 While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear.
 Sudden , *Achilles* his broad sword display'd , 130
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
 Prone fell the Youth ; and panting on the land ,
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand :
 The Victor to the stream the carcaſs gave ,
 And thus insults him , floating on the wave. 135
 Lie there , *Lycaon* ! let the fish surround
 Thy bloated corſe , and ſuck thy goary wound :
 There no ſad mother ſhall thy fun'rals weep ,
 But ſwift *Scamander* roll thee to the deep ,
 Whose ev'ry wave ſome wat'ry monster brings , 140
 To eaſt unpuſh'd on the fat of Kings .
 So perish *Troy* , and all the *Trojan* Line !
 Such ruin theirs , and ſuch compaſſion mine .
 What boots ye now *Scamander*'s worſhip'd ſtream ,
 His earthly honours , and immortal name ; 145
 In vain your immolated Bulls are slain ,
 Your living Coursers glut his gulphs in vain :
 Thus he rewards you , with this bitter fate ;
 Thus , till the *Grecian* vengeance is compleat ;

Thus

Thus is aton'd *Patroclus'* honour'd Shade, 150
And the short absence of *Achilles* paid.

These boastful words provoke the raging God ;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Pow'r employ ,
To check *Achilles* , and to rescue *Troy* ? 155
Meanwhile the Hero springs in arms, to dare
The great *Asteropeus* to mortal war ;
The Son of *Pelagon* , whose lofty line
Flows from the source of *Axius* , Stream divine !
(Fair *Peribaea*'s love the God had crown'd , 160
With all his refluent waters circled round)
On him *Achilles* rush'd : He fearless stood ,
And shook two spears , advancing from the flood ;
The Flood impell'd him , on *Pelides'* head
T' avenge his waters choak'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew , *Achilles* thus began. 166

What , art thou , boldest of the race of Man ?
Who , or from whence ? Unhappy is the Sire ,
Whose Son encounters our refilest ire.

O Son of *Peleus* ! what avails to trace 170
(Reply'd the Warrior) our illustrious race ?
From rich *Peonia*'s vallies I command
Arm'd with pretended spears , my native band ;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of *Ilion* to the fields of fame : 175
Axius , who swells with all the neighb'ring rills ,
And wide around the floated region fills ,
Begot my Sire ; whose spear such glory won :
Now lift thy arm , and try that Hero's Son !

Threat'ning he said : The hostile Chiefs advance ;
At once *Asteropeus* discharg'd each lance , 181
(For

(For both his dext'rous hands the lance cou'd wield)
One struck , but pierc'd not the *Vulcanian* shield ;
One raz'd *Achilles* hand ; the spouting blood
Spun forth , in earth the fasten'd weapon stood. 185
Like lightning next the *Pelian* jav'lin flies ;
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies ;
Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear ,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword *Pelides* drew , 190
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The Foe thrice tugg'd , and shook the rooted wood ;
Repulsive of his might the Weapon stood :
The fourth , he tries to break the spear in vain ;
Bent as he stands , he tumbles to the plain ; 195
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound ,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the Hero's feet he panting lies ,
And his eye darkens , and his spirit flies :
While the proud Victor thus triumphing said , 200
His radiant armour tearing from the dead :
So ends thy glory ! Such the fate they prove
Who strive presumptuous with the Sons of *Jove*.
Sprung from a River didst thou boast thy line ,
But great *Saturnius* is the source of mine. 205
How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny ?
Of *Peleus* , *Æacus* , and *Jove* , am I ;
The race of these superior far to those ,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
What Rivers can *Scamander* might have shewn ; 210
But *Jove* he dreads , nor wars agaist his Son.
Ev'n *Achelous* might contend in vain ,
And all the roaring billows of the majn.

BOOK XXXI. 97

Th' eternal Ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
 The thund'ring voice of *Jove* abhors to hear, 215
 And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said; then from the bank his jay'lin tore,
 And left the breathless Warrior in his gore.

The floating tydes the bloody carcass lave,
 And beat against it, wave succeeding wave, 220
 Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
 Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.

All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)

Th'amaz'd *Paonians* scour along the plain:

He vents his fury on the flying crew, 225

Thrasis, *Astyppalus*, and *Mnesus* flew;

Mydon, *Therphilochus*, with *Aenius* fell;

And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell:

But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,

Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound. 230

O first of Mortals! (for the Gods are thine)

In valour matchless, and in force divine!

If *Jove* have giv'n thee every *Trojan* head,

'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead. 234

See! my choak'd streams no more their course can

Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep. [keep,

Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;

Content, thy slaughterers could amaze a God.

In human form confess'd before his eyes

The River thus; and thus the Chief replies. 240

O sacred Stream! thy word we shall obey;

But not till *Troy* the destin'd vengeance pay;

Not till within her Tow'rs the perjur'd train

Shall pant, and tremble at our Arms again;

Not till proud *Hector*, Guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see *Achilles* fall.

• He said; and drove with fury on the foe.

Then to the Godhead of the silver bow
The yellow flood began: O Son of *Jove*!
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and express, that *Phœbus* should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of *Troy*;
And make her conquer, till *Hyperion's* fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?

He spoke in vain---The Chief without dismay
Ploughs thro' the boiling surge his desp'rate way.

Then rising in his rage above the shores,
From all his deeps the bellowing River roars;
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) screen the bands who fly.

Now bursting on his head with thund'ring sound,
The falling deluge whelms the Hero round:

His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and stagg'ring. On the border stood
A spreading Elm, that overhung the flood;
He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
Bridg'd the rough flood across: The Hero stay'd
On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the chanel, and regain'd the land.

Then

BOOK XXXI.

99

Then blacken'd the wild waves ; the murmur rose ;
The God pursues , a huger billow throws ,
And bursts the bank , ambitious to destroy
The Man whose fury is the fate of *Troy*. 280

He , like the warlike Eagle speeds his pace ,
(Swiftest and strongest of th'aerial race)

Far as a spear can fly , *Achilles* springs
At every bound ; his clanging armour rings :

Now here , now there , he turns on ev'ry side , 285
And winds his course before the following tide ;
The waves flow after , wheresoe'er he wheels ,
And gather fast , and murmur at his heels.

So when a Peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs , 290
And calls the floods from high , to bless his bow'rs
And feed with pregnant streams the plants & flow'rs ;
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid ,
And marks their future current with his spade ,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles , down the hills 295
Louder and louder purl the falling rills ,
Before him scatt'ring , they prevent his pains ,
And shine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.

Still flies *Achilles* , but before his eyes
Still swift *Scamander* rolls where'er he flies : 300
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods ;
The first of Men , but not a match for Gods.
Oft' as he turn'd the torrent to oppose ,
And bravely try if all the Pow'rs were foes ;
So oft' the surge , in wat'ry mountains spread , 305
Beats on his back , or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves ,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.

G 2

Tir'd

100 HOMER's ILIAD,

Tir'd by the tides , his knees relax with toil ;
 Wash'd from beneath him , slides the slimy soil ; 310
 When thus (his eyes on Heav'n's expansion thrown)
 Forth bursts the Hero with an angry groan.

Is there no God *Achilles* to befriend ;
 No Pow'r t' avert his miserable end ?

Prevent , oh *Jove* ! this ignominious date , 319
 And make my future life the sport of Fate.
 Of all Heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain ;
 But most of *Thetis* , must her Son complain ;
 By *Phœbus*' darts she prophecy'd my fall ,
 In glorious Arms before the *Trojan* wall.

Oh ! had I dy'd in fields of battel warm ,
 Stretch'd like a Hero , by a Hero's arm !
 Might *Hector*'s speat this dauntless bosom rend ,
 And my swift Soul o'er take my slaughter'd Friend !
 Ah no ! *Achilles* meets a shameful fate , 325

Oh how unworthy of the brave and great !
 Like some vile Swain , whom , on a rainy day ,
 Crossing a ford , the torrent sweeps away ,
 An unregarded carkase to the sea.

Neptune and *Pallas* haste to his relief ,
 And thus in human form address the Chief :

The Pow'r of Ocean first . Forbear thy fear ,
 O Son of *Peleus* ! Lo thy Gods appear !

Behold ! from *Jove* descending to thy aid ,
 Propitious *Neptune* , and the blue-ey'd Maid .
 Stay , and the furious flood shall cease to rave ;

Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave .
 But thou , the counsel Heav'n suggests , attend !

Nor breathe from combat , nor thy sword suspend ,
 Till *Troy* receive her flying Sons , till all
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall : 340

He-

Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance ,
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods ;
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes. 345

Stung with new ardor , thus by Heav'n impell'd ,
 He springs impetuous , and invades the field :
 O'er all th'expanded plain the waters spread ; 348
 Heav'd on the bounding billows , danc'd the dead ,
 Floating midst scatter'd arms ; while casques of Gold
 And turn'd up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd .
 High o'er the surging tide by leaps and bounds ,
 He wades , and mounts ; the parted wave resounds .
 Not a whole River itops the Hero's course ,
 While Pallas fills him with immortal force . 355
 With equal rage , indignant Xanthus roars ,
 And lifts his billows , and o'erwhelms his shores .

Then thus to Simois : Haste , my Brother flood !
 And check this Mortal that controuls a God :
 Our bravest Heroes else shall quit the fight , 360
 And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height .
 Call then thy subject Streams , and bid them roar ,
 From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store ,
 With broken rocks , and with a load of dead ,
 Charge the black surge , and pour it on his head . 365
 Mark how resistless thro' the floods he goes ,
 And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes !
 But nor that force , nor form divine to fight
 Shall ought avail him , if our rage unite : 369
 Whelm'd under our dark gulphs those arms shall lie
 That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye ;
 And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd
 Immers'd remain this terror of the world .

162¹ HOMER's ILIAD,

Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place ;
 No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relicks grace , 375
 No hand his bones shall gather , or inhume ;
 These his cold rites , and this his wat'ry tomb.

He said ; and on the Chief descends amain ,
 Increas'd with gore , and swelling with the slain . 379
 Then murm'ring from his beds , he boils , he raves ,
 And a foam whitens on the purple waves .
 At ev'ry step , before *Achilles* stood
 The crimson surge , and delug'd him with blood .
 Fear touch'd the Queen of Heav'n : She saw dismay'd ,
 She call'd aloud , and summon'd *Vulcan*'s aid . 385

Rise to the war ! th'insulting Flood requires
 Thy wasteful arm : assemble all thy fires !
 While to their aid , by our command enjoin'd ,
 Rush the swift eastern and the western Wind :
 These from old Ocean at my word shall blow , 390
 Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe ,
 Corpses and Arms to one bright ruin turn ,
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn .
 Go , mighty in thy rage : display thy pow'r , 394
 Drink the whole flood , the crackling trees devour ,
 Scorch all the banks ! and (till our voice reclaim)
 Exert th'unweary'd furies of the flame !

The Pow'rignipotent her word obeys ,
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze ;
 At once consumes the dead , and dries the soil ; 400
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil :
 As when autumnal *Boreas* sweeps the sky ,
 And instant , blows the water'd gardens dry :
 So look'd the field , so whiten'd was the ground ,
 While *Vulcan* breath'd the fiery blast around . 405

Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys ;
 Along the margin winds the running blaze :
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn ,
 The flow'ry *Lotos* and the tam'risk burn ,
 Broad elm , and cypress rising in a spire ;
 The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire .
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath ,
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death :
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry ;
 Or gasping , turn their bellies to the sky .
 At length the River rear'd his languid head ,
 And thus short-panting , to the God he said .

O *Vulcan* , oh ! what pow'r resists thy might ?
 I faint , I sink , unequal to the fight ---
 I yield --- Let *Ilion* fall ; if Fate decree ---
 Ah --- bend no more thy fiery arms on me !

He ceas'd ; wide conflagration blazing round ;
 The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound .
 As when the flames beneath a caldron rise ,
 To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice ,
 Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
 The waters foam , the heavy smoak aspires :
 So boils th' imprison'd flood , forbid to flow ,
 And choak'd with vapours , feels his bottom glow .
 To *Juno* then , Imperial Queen of air ,
 The burning River sends his earnest pray'r .

Ah why , *Saturnia* ! must thy Son engage
 Me , only me , with all his wastful rage ?
 On other Gods his dreadful arm employ ,
 For mightier Gods assert the cause of *Troy* .
 Submissive I desist , if thou command ,
 But ah ! with draw this all-destroying hand .

Hear then my solemn oath , to yield to fate
 Unaided *Ilion* , and her destin'd State ,
 Till *Greece* shall gird her with destructive flame , 440
 And in one ruin sink the *Trojan* name .

His warm intreaty touch'd *Saturnia's* ear ;
 She bade th'Ignipotent his rage forbear ,
 Recall the flame , nor in a mortal cause
 Infest a God : Th'obedient flame withdraws : 445
 Again , the branching streams begin to spread ,
 And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed .

While these by *Juno's* will the strife resign ,
 The warring Gods in fierce contention join :
 Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms ; 450
 With horrid clangor shock th'aetherial arms :
 Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound ;
 And wide beneath them groans the rending ground .
Jove , as his sport , the dreadful scene descries ,
 And views contending Gods with carless eyes . 455
 The Pow'r of battels lifts his brazen spear ,
 And first assaults the radiant Queen of War .

What mov'd thy madness , thus to disunite
 Aethereal Minds , and mix all Heav'n in fight ?
 What wonder this , when in thy frantick mood 460
 Thou drov'st a Mortal to insult a God :
 Thy impious hand *Tyndes'* jav'lin bore ,
 And madly bath'd it in celestial gore .

He spoke , and smote the loud-resounding shield ,
 Which bears *Jove's* thunder on its dreadful field : 665
 The adamantine *Aegis* of her Sire ,
 That turns the glancing bolt , and forked fire .
 Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
 A stone , the limit of the neighb'ring land ,

There

BOOK XXI. 105

There fix'd from eldest times, black, craggy, vast :
This, at the heav'ly Homicide she cast. 472

Thund'ring he falls ; a mass of monstrous size,
And sev'n broad acres covers as he lies.

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound ;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound : 475
The scornful Dame her conquest views with smiles,
And glorying thus, the prostrate God reviles.

Hast thou not yet, infatiate Fury ! known,
How far *Minerva's* force transcends thy own ?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand, 480
Corrects thy folly thus by *Pallas'* hand :
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to *Troy's* perfidious race.

The Goddef's spoke, and turn'd her eyes away
That beaming round, diffus'd celestial day. 485
Jove's Cyprian Daughter stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand :
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain. 490
This the bright Empress of the Heav'ns survey'd,
And scoffing, thus, to War's victorious Maid.

Lo, what an aid on *Mars's* side is seen !
The *Smiles* and *Love's* unconquerable Queen !
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves : Let *Pallas*, if she dares, pursue. 495

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'er took,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook :
She, unresisting, fell ; (her Spirits fled)
On earth together lay the Lovers spread.
And like these Hero's, be the fate of all 499
(*Minerva* cries) who guard the *Trojan* wall !

To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygian be,
 So dread, so fierce, as *Venus* is to me;
 Then from the lowest stone shall *Troy* be mov'd—
 Thus she, and *Juno* with a smile approv'd.

505

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
 The God of Ocean dares the God of light.
 What sloath has seiz'd us, when the fields around
 Ring with conflicting Pow'rs, and heav'n returns the
 Shall ignominious we with shame retire, [sound?
 No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?

511

Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
 Suits not my greatness, or superior age.

Rash as thou art to prop the *Trojan* Throne,

(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) 515 }
 And guard the Race of proud *Laomedon*!

Hast thou forgot, how at the Monarch's pray'r,
 We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?

Troy walls I rais'd (for such were *Jove's* commands)

And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands;

Thy task it was, to feed the bellowing droves 521

Along fair *Ida's* vales, and pendent groves.

But when the circling Seasons in their train

Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain

With menace stern the fraudulent King defy'd

525

Our latent Godhead; and the prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,

And doom'd us Exiles far in barb'rous lands.

Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing;

And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd King. 530

Dost thou, for this, afford proud *Ilion* grace,

And not like us, infest the faithless race!

Like us their present, future Sons destroy,

And from its deep foundations heave their *Troy*?

Apollo

BOOK XXI. 107

Apollo thus : To combate for mankind 535
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind :
 For what is Man ? Calamitous by birth ,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth ;
 Like yearly leaves , that now with beauty crown'd ,
 Smile on the Sun ; now , wither on the ground : 540
 To their own hands commit the frantick scene ,
 Nor mix Immortals in a cause so mean .

Then turns his face , far-beaming heav'ly fires
 And from the senior Pow'r , submiss retires ;
 Him , thus retreating *Artemis* upbraids , 545
 The quiver'd Huntress of the *Sylvan* shades .

And is it thus the youthful *Phœbus* flies ,
 And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire , the prize ?
 How vain that martial pomp , and dreadful show ,
 Of pointed arrows , and the silver bow ! 550
 Now boast no more in yon' celestial bow'r ,
 Thy force can match the great earth-shaking Pow'r .

Silent , he heard the Queen of woods upbraid :
 Not so *Saturnia* bore the vaunting maid ;
 But furious thus . What insolence has driv'n 555
 Thy Pride to face the Majesty of Heav'n ?
 What tho' by *Jove* the female plague design'd ,
 Fierce to the feeble race of Womankind ,
 The wretched Matron feels thy piercing dart ;
 Thy sexe's Tyrant , with a Tyger's heart ? 560
 What tho' tremendous in the woodland chase ,
 Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race !
 How dares thy rashness on the Pow'r's divine
 Employ those arms , or match thy force with mine ?
 Learn hence , no more unequal war to wage — 565
 She said , and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage ;

These

108 HOMER's ILIAD,

These in her left-hand lock'd , her right unty'd
The bow , the quiver , and its plumy pride.

About her temples flies the busy bow ; 569
Now here, now there , she winds her from the blow;
The scatt'ring arrows rattling from the case ,
Drop round , and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled Huntress flies ,
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes :
So , when the Falcon wings her way above , 575
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle Dove ,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats ,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her , *Latona* hast with tender care ; /
Whom *Hermes* viewing , thus declines the war. 580
How shall I face the Dame , who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken Heav n with night !
Go matchless Goddess ! triumph in the skies ,
And boast my conquest , while I yeild the prize.

He spoke , and past : *Latona* , stooping low , 585
Collects the scatter'd shaft , and fallen bow ,
That glitt'ring on the dust , lay here and there ;
Dis honour'd relicks of *Diana's* war.

Then swift pursu'd her to the blest abode , 589
Where , all confus'd , she sought the Sov'reign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees : Th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs , and panted on her breast.

The Sire , superior simil'd ; and bade her show ,
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his Daughter's woe ?
Abash'd , she names his own imperial Spouse ; 595
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above : While swiftly gliding down ,
Apollo enters *Ilion's* sacred town :

The

BOOK XXXI. 109

The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall. 600
Back to Olympus, from the wars' alarms,
Return the shining Bands of Gods in Arms ;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their Thrones around th'aethereal Sire. 604

Thro' blood, thro' death, *Achilles* still proceeds,
O'er slaughter'd Heroes, and o'er rolling Steeds.
As when avenging flames with fury driv'n,
On guilty Towns exert the wrath of Heav'n ;
The pale Inhabitants, some fall, some fly ;
And the red vapours purple all the sky. 610
So rag'd *Achilles*: Death, and dire dismay,
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary *Priam* stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands ;
Views from his arm, the Trojans scatter'd flight, 615
And the near Hero rising on his sight.
No stop, no check, no aid ! with feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face.
Fast as he could, he fighing quits the walls ;
And thus, descending, on the Guards he calls. 620

You to whole care our City gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
For lo ! he comes, with unresisted sway ;
He comes, and desolation marks his way ! 624
But when within the walls our Troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out Death.
Thus charg'd the rev'rend Monarch: Wide were flung
The opening folds ; the sounding hinges rung.
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying Bands to meet,
Strook Slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat. 630
On

110 HOMER's ILIAD,

On heaps the *Trojans* crowd to gain the gate,
 And gladsome see their last escape from fate :
 Thither, all parch'd with thirst ; a heartless train ;
 Hoary with dust they beat the hollow plain ;
 And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on 635
 With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the Town.
 Enrag'd *Achilles* follows with his spear ;
 Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the *Greeks* eternal praise acquir'd ,
 And *Troy* inglorious to her walls retir'd ; 640
Apollo But * he , the God who darts æthereal flame ,
 Shot down to save her , and redeem her fame .
 To young *Agenor* force divine he gave ,
 (*Antenor*'s Offspring , haughty , bold and brave)
 In aid of him , beside the beech he fate , 645
 And wrapt in clouds , restrain'd the hand of Fate .
 When now the gen'rous Youth *Achilles* spies ,
 Thick beats his heart , the troubled motions rise ,
 (So , e're a storm , the waters heave and roll)
 He stops , and questions thus his mighty Soul . 650

What , shall I fly this terror of the plain ?
 Like others fly , and be like others slain ?
 Vain hope ! to shun him by the self-same road
 Yon' line of slaughter'd *Trojans* lately trod .
 No : with the common heap I scorn to fall -- 655
 What if they pass'd me to the *Trojan* wall ,
 While I decline to yonder path , that leads
 To *Ida*'s forests and surrounding shades ?
 So may I reach , conceal'd , the cooling flood ,
 From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood , 660
 As soon as Night her dusky veil extends ,
 Return in safety to my *Trojan* Friends .

What

BOOK XXXI. III

What if?— But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, e're yet I turn the wall, 565
The fierce *Achilles* sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er, 'tis better, fighting for the State,
Here, and in publick view, to meet my fate. 570
Yet sure he too is mortal; He may feel
(Like all the Sons of Earth) the force of steel;
One only Soul informs that dreadful frame;
And *Jove's* sole favour gives him all his fame.

He said, and stood; collected in his might; 575
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a Panther starts,
Rouz'd from his thicket by a storm of darts;
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds 579
Of shouting Hunters, and of clam'rous Hounds,
Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd jav'lin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the Savage flies;
And tears his Hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolv'd, *Antenor's* valiant Heir 585
Confronts *Achilles*, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: High-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin, thus bespoke the Foe. 590

How proud *Achilles* glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the *Trojan* name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.

112 HOMER's ILIAD,

Parents and Children our just arms employ , 65
 And strong , and many , are the Sons of *Troy*.
 Great as thou art, ev'n thou may' st stain with gore
 These *Phrygian* fields , and press a foreign shore.

He said : With marchless force the jav'lin flung
 Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung 700
 Beneath the pointed steel ; but safe from harms
 He stands impassive in th'æthereal Arms.
 Then fiercely rushing on the daring Foe ,
 His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow ;
 But jealous of his fame, *Apollo* shrouds 705
 The god-like *Trojan* in a veil of clouds ;
 Safe from pursuit , and shut from mortal view ,
 Dismis'd with fame , the favour'd Youth withdrew.
 Meanwhile the God , to cover their escape ,
 Assumes *Agenor*'s habit , voice , and shape , 710
 Flies from the furious Chief in this disguise ,
 The furious Chief still follows where he flies. [des ,
 Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd stri-
 Now urge the course where swift *Scamander* glides :
 The God now distant scarce a stride before , 715
 Tempts his pursuit , and wheels about the shore.
 While all the flying Troops their speed employ ,
 And pour on heaps into the walls of *Troy*.
 No stop , no stay ; no thought to ask , or tell ,
 Who scap'd by flight , or who by battel fell. 720
 'Twas tumult all , and violence of flight ;
 And sudden joy confus'd , and mix'd affright :
 Pale *Troy* against *Achilles* shuts her gate ;
 And nations breathe , deliver'd from their fate. 724





OBSERVATIONS ON THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

I.

This is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued description of a Battel, without any digression or episode, that serves for an interval to refresh the Reader. The heav'ly Machines too are fewer than in any other. *Homer* seems to have trusted wholly to the force of his own genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever lengths he was carried by it. But that spirit which animates the original, is what I am sensible evaporates so much in my hands, that, tho' I can't think my Author tedious, I should have made him seem so, if I had not translated this book with all possible conciseness. I hope there is nothing material omitted, tho' the verlion consists but of sixty five lines more than the original.

However, one may observe there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents, in this Battel, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherein the *Greeks* and *Trojans* were upon equal terms, before the return of *Achilles*: and besides, all this serves to introduce the chief Hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

2 OBSERVATIONS on the II.

VERSE 3. *Great Menelaus*—] The Poet here takes occasion to clear *Menelaus* from the imputations of idle and effeminate, cast on him in some parts of the Poem; he sets him in the front of the Army, exposing himself to dangers in defending the body of *Patroclus*, and gives him the conquest of *Euphorbus* who had the first hand in his death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like disposition of mind with *Patroclus*, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concern'd in honour to protect from injuries the body of a Hero that fell in his cause. *Eustathius*. See the 29th Note on the 3d Book.

III.

VERSE 5. *Thus round her new fal'n young, &c.*] In this comparison, as *Eustathius* has very well observed, the Poet accomodating himself to the occasion, means only to describe the affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the manner in which he presented himself to defend his body: And this comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of goodness and mildness. He must have little sense or knowledge in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be suppres'd. It is true, we shou'd not use it now-a-days, by reason of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived; but those not being the ideas of Homer's time, they could not hinder him from making a proper use of such a comparison. *Dacier*.

IV.

VERSE 5. *Thus round her new fal'n young, &c.]* It seems to me remarkable, that the several comparisons to illustrate the concern for *Patroclus*, are taken from the most tender sentiments of nature.

Achilles

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. 3

Achilles in the beginning of the 16th book, considers him as a child, and himself as his mother. The sorrow of *Menelaus* is here described as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are design'd to intimate the excellent temper and goodness of *Patroclus*, which is express'd in that fine elegy of him in this book, V. 671. Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἀπίστατο μετίχεται. *He knew how to be good-natur'd to all men.* This gave all mankind these sentiments for him; and no doubt the fame is strongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to rescue his body.

The dissimilitude of manners between these two friends, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, is very observable: Such friendships are not uncommon; and I have often assign'd this reason for them, that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others, which they want themselves. That is still better if apply'd to Providence, that associates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make more perfect system. But, whatever is customary in nature, *Homer* had a good poetical reason for it; for it affords many incidents to illustrate the manners of them both more strongly; and is what they call contrast in painting.

V.

VERSE 11. *The Son of Panthus.*] The conduct of *Homer* is admirable in bringing *Euphorbus* and *Menelaus* together upon this occasion; for hardly anything but such a signal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made *Euphorbus* stand the encounter. *Menelaus* putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occasion (I think) to one of the nest answers in all *Homer*; in which the insolence of *Menelaus* is retorted in a way to draw pity from every Reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after

4 OBSERVATIONS on the

such a speech, that would not wish *Euphorbus* had the better of *Menelaus*: A writer of Romances would not have fail'd to have giv'n *Euphorbus* the victory. But however it was fitter to make *Menelaus*, who had receiv'd the greatest injury, do the most revengeful actions.

VII.

VERSE 55. *Instarr'd with gems and gold.*] We have here a *Trojan* who uses gold and silver to adorn his hair; which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the women were the first that us'd those ornaments. *Est quidem apud eundem [Homerum] virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo nescio an prius usus à foeminiis cœperit.* Lib. 33. Cap. 1. He might likewise have strengthen'd his doubt by the custom of the *Athenians*, who put into their hair little grafts of gold. *Dacier.*

VIII.

VERSE 57. *As the young olive, &c.*] This exquisite simile finely illustrates the beauty and sudden fall of *Euphorbus*, in which the allusion to that circumstance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. *Porphyry* and *Jamblicus* acquaint us of the particular affection *Pythagoras* had for these verses, which he set to the harp, and us'd to repeat at his own *Epicedion*. Perhaps it was his fondness of them which put it into his head to say, that his soul transmigrated to him from this Hero. However it was this conceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in antiquity and has given occasion to a dialogue in *Lucian* entitled *The Cock*, which is, I think, the finest piece of that Author.

VIII.

VERSE 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only *Trojan* whose death the Poet laments, that he might do the more honour

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. 5

Patroclus, his Hero's friend. The comparison here us'd is very proper, for the olive always preserves its beauty. But where the Poet speaks of the *Lapisba*, hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *oaks*, that stand unmov'd in storms and tempests; and where *Hector* falls by *Ajax*, he likens him to an *Oak* struck down by *Jove's* thunder. Just after this soft comparison upon the beauty of *Euphorbus*, he passes to another full of strength and terror, that of the Lion. *Eustathius.*

IX.

VERSE 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How observable is *Homer's* art of illustrating the valour and glory of his Heroes? *Menelaus*, who sees *Hector* and all the *Trojans* rushing upon him, wou'd not retire if *Apollo* did not support them; and though *Apollo* does support them, he wou'd oppose even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* but near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very suitable to his character; for *Ajax* was the bravest of the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*. *Dacier. Eustathius.*

X.

VERSE 117. *So from the fold th'unwilling Lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of *Menelaus* is worthy notice. *Homer* is a great observer of natural imagery, that brings the thing represented before our view. it is indeed true, that Lions, Tygers, and beasts of prey are the only objects that can properly represent Warriors; and therefore 'tis no wonder they are so often introduc'd: The inanimate things, as floods, fires, and storms, are the best, and only images of battels.

XI.

VERSE 137. *Already had stern Hector, &c.*] *Homer* takes care, so long before-hand, to lessen in his

6 OBSERVATIONS on the

his Reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that *Achilles* will exercise upon the body of *Hector*. That cruelty will be only the punishment of this which *Hector* here exercises upon the body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he designs to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the parts, expos'd to dogs and birds of prey. *Eustathius.*

XII.

VERSE 169. *You left him there a prey to dogs.* It was highly dishonourable in *Hector* to forsake the body of a friend and guest, and against the laws of *Jupiter Xenius*, or *hospitalis*. For *Glaucus* knew nothing of *Sarpedon*'s being honour'd with burial by the Gods, and sent embalm'd into *Lycia*. *Eustathius.*

XIII.

VERSE 193. *I shun great Ajax?*] *Hector* takes no notice of the affronts that *Glaucus* had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in some respects just cause to be angry; but he cannot put up what he had said of his fearing *Ajax*, to which part he only replies: This is very agreeable to his heroic character. *Eustathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 209. *Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine.*] The Ancients have observed that Homer causes the Arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector*'s power, to equal in some sort those two Heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might be urg'd, that *Achilles* cou'd not have kill'd *Hector* without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God, whereas *Hector*'s was only of the hand of a mortal; but since both were clad in armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles*'s victory will be compleat, and in its full lustre. Besides this reason

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. 7

reason (which is for necessity and probability) there is also another, for ornament; for *Homer* here prepares to introduce that beautiful Episode, of the divine Armour, which *Vulcan* makes for *Achilles*. *Eustathius.*

X V.

VERSE 216. *The radiant Arms to sacred Ilion bore.*] A difficulty may arise here, and the question may be asked why *Hector* sent these Arms to *Troy*? Why did not he take them at first? There are three answers, which I think are all plausible. The first, that *Hector* having kill'd *Patroclus*, and seeing the day very far advanced, had no mind to take those Arms for a fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to shew to *Priam* and *Andromache* those glorious spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some Temple: *Glaucus's* speech makes him change his resolution, he runs after those arms to fight against *Ajax*, and to win *Patroclus's* body from him. *Dacier.*

Homer (says *Eustathius*) does not suffer the Arms to be carry'd into *Troy* for these reas ons. That *Hector* by wearing them might the more encourage the *Trojans*, and be the more formidable to the *Greeks*: That *Achilles* may recover them again when he kills *Hector*: And that he may conquer him, even when he is strengthened with that divine Ar mour.

X VI.

VERSE 231. *Jupiter's speech to Hector.*] The Poet prepares us for the death of *Hector*, perhaps to please the *Greek* readers, who might be troubled to see him shining in their Heroes Arms. Therefore *Jupiter* expresses his sorrow at the approaching fate of this unfortunate Prince, promises to repay his loss of life with glory, and nods to give a certain

8 OBSERVATIONS on the

confirmation to his words. He says, *Achilles* is the bravest *Greek*, as *Glaucus* had said just before; the Poet thus giving him the greatest commendations, by putting his praise in the mouth of a God, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. *Eustathius.*

How beautiful is that sentiment upon the miserable state of mankind, introduc'd here so artfully, and so strongly enforc'd, by being put into the mouth of the supreme being! And how pathetic the denunciation of *Hector's* death, by that circumstance of *Andromache's* disappointment, when she shall no more receive her Hero glorious from the battel, in the armour of his conquer'd enemy!

XVI I.

VERSE 247. *The stubborn Arms &c.*] The words are,

Η, καὶ κναῖσιν ἐπ' ὁφρύσις νεῦσε Κρονίων,
"Εκτορες δὲ ἤρμοσε τεύχες ἐπὶ χρόι.

If we give ἤρμοσε a passive signification, it will be, the Arms fitted *Hector*, but if an active (as those take it who would put a greater difference between *Hector* and *Achilles*) then it belongs to *Jupiter*, and the sense will be, *Jupiter* made the Arms fit for him, which were too large before. I have chosen the last as the more poetical sense.

XVI I I.

VERSE 260. *Unnumber'd bands of neighb'ring Nations.*] *Eustathius* has very well explain'd the artifice of this speech of *Hector*, who indirectly answers all *Glaucus's* invectives, and humbles his vanity. *Glaucus* had just spoken as if the *Lycians* were the only Allies of *Troy*; and *Hector* here speaks of the numerous troops of different Nations. which he expressly

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. 9

presly designs by calling them borderers upon his Kingdom, thereby in some manner to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a Country more remote; as if he did not vouchsafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* said, „ that if the „ *Lycians* wou'd take his advice they wou'd return „ home; for he gives them to understand, that being hired Troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end.

Dacier.

XIX.

VERSE 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] *Eustathius* gives three reasons why *Ajax* bids *Menelaus* call the *Greeks* to their assistance; instead of calling them himself. He might be ashamed to do it least it should look like fear and turn to his dishonour: Or the Chiefs were more likely to obey *Menelaus*: Or he had too much busines of the war upon his hands, and wanted leisure more than the other.

XX.

VERSE 302. *Oilean Ajax first.*] *Ajax Oileus* (says *Eustathius*) is the first that comes, being brought by his love to the other *Ajax*, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the assistance of another: To which we may add he might very probably come first, because he was the swiftest of all the Heroes.

XXI.

VERSE 318. *Jove pouring darkness..*] *Homer*, who in all his former descriptions of battels is so fond of mentioning the lustre of the arms, here shades them in darkness, perhaps alluding to the clouds of dust that were rais'd; or to the throng of combatants; or else to denote the loss of *Greece* in *Patroclos*; or lastly, that as the heav'ns had mourn'd *Sarpedon* in showers of blood, so they might *Patroclos*

10 OBSERVATIONS on the
troclus in clouds of darkness. Eustathius.

XXII.

VERSE 356. Panope renown'd.] *Panope* was a small town twenty *stadia* from *Charonea* on the side of Mount *Parnassus*; and it is hard to know why *Homer* gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the residence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no Palace, nor Gymnasium, nor Theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in short that ought to have been in a town which is the residence of a King. *Pausanias* (in *Phocic.*) gives the reason of it; he says, that as *Phocis* was exposed on that side to the inroads of the *Bœotians*, *Schedius* made use of *Panope* as a sort of Citadel, or Place of Arms. *Dacier.*

XXIII.

VERSE 375. He seem'd like aged Periphas.] The speech of *Periphas* to *Æneas* hints at the double fate, and the necessity of means. It is much like that of St. *Paul* after he was promised that no body should perish; he says, *except these abide, ye cannot be saved.*

XXIV.

VERSE 422. In one thick darkness, &c.] The darkness spread over the body of *Patroclus* is artful upon several accounts. First, a fine image of poetry; next, a token of *Jupiter's* love to a righteous man: but the chief design is to portract the action; which, if the *Trojans* had seen the spot, must have been decided one way or other, in a very short time. Besides, the *Trojans* having the better in the action, must have seiz'd the body contrary to the intention of the Author. There are innumerable instances of these little niceties and particularities of conduct in *Homer.*

XXV.

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. II

XXV.

VERSE 436. *Meanwhile the Sons of Nestor, in the rear, &c.*] It is not without reason Homer in this place makes particular mention of the Sons of Nestor. It is to prepare us against he sends one of them to Achilles, to tell him the death of his friend.

XXVI.

VERSE 450. *As when a slaughter'd Bull's yet reeking hide.*] Homer gives us a most lively description of their drawing the body on all sides, and instructs us in the ancient manner of stretching hides, being first made soft and supple with oyl. And tho' this comparison be one of those mean and humble ones which some have objected to, yet it has also its admirers for being so expressive, and for representing to the imagination the most strong and exact idea of the subject in hand. *Eustathius.*

XXVII.

VERSE 458. *Not Pallas' self, &c.*] Homer says in the original, „ *Minerva* could not have found fault, „ tho' she were angry. Upon which *Eustathius* ingeniously observes, how common and natural it is for persons in anger to turn criticks, and find faults where there are none.

XXVIII.

VERSE 468. *To make proud Ilion bend.*

Was more than Heav'n had promis'd to his Friend,

Perhaps to him:] In these words the Poet artfully hints at Achilles's death; he makes him not absolutely to flatter himself with the hopes of ever taking *Troy*, in his own person, however he does not say this expressly, but passes it over as an ungrateful subject. *Eustathius.*

XXIX.

VERSE 471. *The rest, in pity to her Son conceal'd*] Here, (says the same Author) we have two rules laid down for common use. One, not to tell our friends

12 OBSERVATIONS on the

friends all their mischances at once , it being often necessary to hide part of them , as *Thetis* does from *Achilles*: The other , not to push Men of courage upon all that is possible for them to do. Thus *Achilles* , tho' he thought *Patreclus* able to drive the *Trojans* back to their gates , yet he does not order him to do so much , but only to save the Ships , and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admonishing the Reader that *Achilles's* Mother had conceal'd the circumstance of the death of his friend when she instructed him in his fate; and that all he knew , was only that *Troy* could not be taken at that time ; is a great instance of his care of the probability , and of his having the whole Plan of the Poem at once in his head. For upon the supposition that *Achilles* was instructed in his fate , it was a natural objection , how came he to hazard his friend ? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impossibility of *Troy's* being taken at that time , he might for all he knew , be robb'd by his friend (of whose valour he had so good an opinion) of that glory , which he was unwilling to part with.

XXX.

VERSE 484. *At distance from the scene of blood.]*
If the Horses had not gone aside out of the war, *Homer* could not have introduc'd so well what he design'd to their honour. So he makes them weeping in secret (as their master *Achilles* us'd to do) and afterwards coming into the battel , where they are taken notice of and pursued by *Hector*. *Eustathius*.

XXXI.

VERSE 485. *The pensive Steeds of great Achilles, &c.]* It adds a great beauty to a Poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at *Jupiter's* nod , the sea parts it self to receive

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. 13

ceive Neptune, the groves of *Ida* shake beneath *Juno's* feet, &c. As also to find animate or brute creatures addrest to, as if rational: So *Hector* encourages his Horses; and one of *Achilles's* is endued not only with speech, but with fore-knowledge of future events. Here they weep for *Patroclus*, and stand fix'd and unmoveable with grief: Thus is this Hero universally mourn'd, and every thing concurs to lament his loss. *Eustathius.*

As to the particular fiction of the Horses weeping, it is countenanc'd both by Naturalists and Historians. *Aristotle* and *Pliny* write, that these animals often deplore their masters lost in battel, and even shed tears for them. So *Solinus* c. 47. *Aelian* relates the like of Elephants, when they are carry'd from their native country, *De Animal.* lib. 10. c. 17. *Suetonius* in the life of *Cæsar*, tells us, that several Horses which at the passage of the *Rubicon* had been consecrated to *Mars*, and turn'd loose on the banks, were observed for some days after, to abstain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti consecrârat, ac sine custode vagos dimisera, comperit pabulo pertinacissimè abstinere, ubertimque flere.* Cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumstance, in those fine lines on the Horse of *Pallas.*

*Post bellator Equus, positis insignibus, Æthon,
It lacrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora.*

XXXII.

VERSE 495. Or fix'd, as stands a marble courser, &c.] Homer alludes to the custom in those days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently Chariots with two or four Horses.

14 OBSERVATIONS on the

Horses. This furnish'd *Homer* with this beautiful image, as if these Horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal monument to *Patroclus*. *Dacier*.

I believe M. *Dacier* refines too much in this note. *Homer* says, — *ἵτε γυραῖνος*, and seems to turn the thought only on the firmness of the column, and not on the imag'ry of it: Which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of *Shakespear*, *she fate like Patience on a Monument smiling at Grief.* — Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole comparison is as beautiful as just. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these horses are described, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the dust, has an allusion to the attitude in which those statues on monuments were usually represented: There are *Eas-Reliefs* that favour this conjecture.

XXXIII.

VERSE 522. *The Sun shal see Troy conquer.*] It is worth observing with what art and oeconomy *Homer* conducts his fable, to bring on the catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear *Patroclus*'s death; *Hector* must fall by his hand: This can not happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of *Patroclus* under the Walls of *Troy*. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise the courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth tho' without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an issue. *Dacier*.

XXXIV.

VERSE 555. *Scarce their weak drivers*] There was but one driver, since *Alcimedon* was alone upon the

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. 15

the chariot, and *Automedon* was got down to fight. But in Poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but *one moment* to be taken hold on. *Hector* sees *Alcimedon* mount the chariot, before *Automedon* was descended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to *Aeneas*. He terms them both Drivers in mockery, because he saw them take the reins one after the other; as if he said, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. 'Tis one single *moment* that makes this image. In reading the Poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly distinguishing the point of time in which they speak. *Dacier.*

The art of *Homer* in this whole paſſage concerning *Automedon*, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occasion, for so renowned a person as the *Chaaioteer* of *Achilles* to signalize his valour.

X X X V.

VERSE 564. *In vain brave Youths, with glorious
hopes ye burn,*

In vain advance! not fated to return.]

These beautiful anticipations are frequent in the Poets, who affect to speak in the character of Prophets, and men inspired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus *Virgil* to *Turnus*,

Nescia mens hominum fati. — Turno tempus erit, &c.

So *Tasso*, Cant. 12. when *Argante* had vow'd the destruction of *Tancred*.

*O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
Seguir tosto gli effetti a l'alta speme:
E cader questi in teneon pari estinto
Sotto colui, ch' ei fà già preso, evinto.*

And

16 OBSERVATIONS on the

And Milton makes the like Apostrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam before she met the Serpent.

— She to him engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower.
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve!
Thou never from that hour, in Paradise,
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.

XXXV I.

VERSE 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet, &c.]* It is literally in the Greek, *she inspir'd the Hero with the boldness of a fly.* There is no impropriety in the comparison, this animal being of all others the most persevering in its attacks, and the most difficult to be beaten off. The occasion also of the comparison being the resolute persistance of Menelaus about the dead body, renders it still the more just. But our present idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleness and insignificancy of this creature. However, since there is really no meanness in it, there ought to be none in expressing it; and I have done my best in the translation to keep up the dignity of my Author.

XXXVII I.

VERSE 651. *By Hector lov'd, his comrade and his guest.]* Podes the favourite and companion of Hector, being kill'd on this occasion, seems a parallel circumstance to the death of Achilles's favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpose to engage Hector on a like occasion with Achilles.

XXXVIII I.

VERSE 721. *Some Hero too must be dispatch'd.]* It seems odd that they did not sooner send this message to Achilles; but there is some apology for it from

SEVENTEENTH BOOK. 17

from the darkness and the difficulty of finding a proper person. It was not every body that was proper to send but one who was a particular friend to *Achilles*, who might condole with him. Such was *Antilochus* who is sent afterwards, and who, besides, had that necessary qualification of being *πόδας ὀνός*. *Eustathius.*

X X X I X.

VERSE 731. *If Greece must perish we thy will obey ;
But let us perish in the face of day !]*

This thought has been look'd upon as one of the sublimest in *Homer*: *Longinus* represents it in this manner. „ The thickest darkness had on a sudden cover'd the *Grecian* army, and hinder'd them from fighting: When *Ajax*, not knowing what course to take, cries out, *Oh Jove! disperse this darkness which covers the Greeks, and if we must perish, let us perish in the light!* This is a sentiment truly worthy of *Ajax*; he does not pray for life, that had been unworthy a Hero: But because in that darkness he could not employ his valour to any glorious purpose, and vex'd to stand idle in the field of battel, he only prays that the day may appear, as being assur'd of putting an end to it worthy his great heart, tho' *Jupiter* himself should happen to oppose his efforts. „

M. l'Abbé Terrasson (in his dissertation on the *Iliad*) endeavours to prove that *Longinus* has misrepresented the whole context and sense of this passage of *Homer*. The fact (says he) is, that *Ajax* is in a very different situation in *Homer* from that wherein *Longinus* describes him. He has not the least intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out some fit person to send to *Achilles*; and this darkness hindering him from seeing such an one, is the occasion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as soon as *Jupiter* has dispers'd the cloud,

18 OBSERVATIONS on the

Ajax never falls upon the enemy, but in consequence of his former thought orders *Menelaus* to look for *Antilochus*, to dispatch him to *Achilles* with the news of the death of his friend. *Longinus* (continues this Author) had certainly forgot the place from whence he took this thought; and it is not the first citation from *Homer* which the Ancients have quoted wrong. Thus *Aristotle* attributes to *Calypso*, the words of *Ulysses* in the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*; and confounds together two passages, one of the second, the other of the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*. [*Ethic ad Nicom.* l. 2. c. 9. and l. 3. c. 11.] And thus *Cicero* ascribed to *Agamemnon* a long discourse of *Ulysses* in the second *Iliad*; [*De divinatione* l. 2.] and cited as *Ajax*'s, the speech of *Hector* in the seventh. [See *Aul. Gellius* l. 15. c. 6.] One has no cause to wonder at this, since the Ancients having *Homer* almost by heart, were for that very reason the more subject to mistake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may answer, that granting it was partly the occasion of *Ajax*'s prayer to obtain light, in order to send to *Achilles* (which he afterwards does) yet the thought which *Longinus* attributes to him, is very consistent with it; and the last line expresses nothing else but an heroic desire rather to die in the light, than escape with safety in the darkness.

Ἐπ δέ φάσι καὶ ὄλεσσον, εἰτὲ νῦ τοι σύναδεις ἔτες.

But indeed the whole speech is only meant to paint the concern and distress of a brave General: The thought of sending a messenger is only a result from that concern and distress, and so but a small circumstance; which cannot be said to occasion the pray'r.

Mons^t. *Boileau* has translated this passage in two lines.

Grand

SEVENTEEN TH BOOK. 19

*Grand Dieu! chasse la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
Et combats contre nous à la clarté des cieux.*

And Mr. de la Motte yet better in one.

Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!

But both these (as Dacier very justly observes) are contrary to Homer's sense. He is far from representing Ajax of such a daring impiety, as to bid Jupiter combat against him; but only makes him ask for light, that if it be his will the Greeks shall perish, they may perish in open day. *Kai οὐασσος*—(says he) that is, abandon us, withdraw from us your assistance; for those who are deserted by Jove must perish infallibly: This decorum of Homer ought to have been preserv'd.

X L.

VERSE 756. *The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart.]* This is a fine elogium of Patroclus: Homer dwells upon it on purpose, lest Achilles's character should be mistaken; and shews by the praises he bestows here upon goodness, that Achilles's character is not commendable for morality. Achilles's manners, entirely opposite to those of Patroclus, are not morally good; they are only poetically so, that is to say, they are well mark'd; and discover beforehand what resolutions that Hero will take: As hath been at large explain'd upon Aristotle's Poeticks. Dacier.

X L I.

VERSE 781. *The youthful Warrior heard with silent woe]* Homer ever represents an excess of grief by a deep horrour, silence, weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of the friend's death: Nor could Antilochus have express'd his sorrow in any manner so moving as silence. Eustathius.

X L I I.

VERSE 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,*] B 2

AN-

20 OBSERVATIONS &c.

Antilochus leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but (as the Ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be absent by the enemies; and that seeing his armour on some other person, they might think him still in the fight.

Eustathius.

X L I I I .

VER S E 794. *But hope not Warriors for Achille*, aid:

Unarm'd—] This is an ingenious way of making the valour of *Achilles* appear the greater; who, tho' without arms, goes forth, in the next Book, contrary to the expectation of *Ajax* and *Menelaus*. *Dacier.*

X L I V .

VER S E 825, &c. The heap of images which *Homer* throws together at the end of this Book, makes the same action appear with a very beautiful variety. The description of the burning of a City is short but very lively. That of *Ajax* alone bringing up the rear guard, and shielding those that bore the body of *Patroclus* from the whole *Trojan* host, gives a prodigious idea of *Ajax*; and as *Homer* has often hinted, makes him just second to *Achilles*. The image of the beam paints the great stature of *Patroclus*: That of the hill dividing the stream is noble and natural.

He compares the *Ajaxes* to a Boar, for their fiercenes and boldness; to a long bank that keeps off the course of the waters, for their standing firm and immovable in the battel: Those that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vast beam thro' rugged paths, for their laboriousnes: The body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate. The *Trojans* to dogs, for their boldness; and to water for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: The *Greeks* to a flight of starlings and jays, for their timorousnes, and swiftness. *Eustathius.*

OB



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 1. *bus like the rage of fire, &c.]* This phrase is usual in our Author, to signify a sharp battel fought with heat and fury on both parts ; such an engagement like a flame, preying upon all sides, and dying the sooner, the fiercer it burns. *Eustathius.*

II.

VERSE 6. *On hoisted yards.]* The epithet ὄρθο-
κυπάρισσας in this place has a more than ordinary signification. It implies that the sail-yards were hoisted up, and *Achilles's* Ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to succour the *Greeks*; he meant to leave 'em as soon as *Patroclus* return'd; he still remember'd what he told the Embassadors in the ninth Book; ¶ 360. *To-morrow you shall see my fleet set sail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fix'd to his resolution: This circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable character.

III.

VERSE 7. *Pensive he sate.]* Homer in this artful manner prepares *Achilles* for the fatal message, and gives him these forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no less than he expected.

22. OBSERVATIONS on

His expressions are suitable to his concern, and deliver'd confusedly. „ I bade him (says he) after „ he had sav'd the ships, and repuls'd the *Trojans*, „ to return back, and not engage himself too far. Here he breaks off, when he should have added; „ But he was so unfortunate as to forget my ad- „ vice. As he is reasoning with himself, *Antilochus* comes in, which makes him leave the sense imper- fect. *Eustathius.*

I V.

VERSE 15. *Fulfilled is that decree ;
Slain is the Warrior ; and Patroclus he !*

It may be objected, that *Achilles* seems to contradict what had been said in the foregoing book, that *Thetis* conceal'd from her Son the death of *Patroclus* in her prediction. Whereas here he says, that she had foretold he should lose the bravest of the *Thessalians*. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: And it is still more agreeable to the hasty and inconsiderate temper of *Achilles*, not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine pre- science, not warnings to prevent human misfor- tunes; for if they were, they must hinder their own accomplishment.

V.

VERSE 21. *Sad tidings, Son of Peleus !]*

This speech of *Antilochus* ought to serve as a model for the brevity with which so dreadful a piece of news ought to be deliver'd; for in two verses it comprehends the whole affair, the death of *Patro- clus*, the person that kill'd him, the contest for his body, and his arms in the possession of his enemy. Besides, it shou'd be observ'd that grief has so crowded his words, that in these two verses he leaves the verb ἀμφιμάχοται, *they fight*, without its nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. Homer ob- serves

serves this brevity upon all the like occasions. The Greek Tragic Poets have not always imitated this discretion. In great distresses there is nothing more ridiculous than a messenger who begins a long story with pathetic descriptions; he speaks without being heard; for the person to whom he addresses himself has no time to attend him: The first word, which discovers to him his misfortune, has made him deaf to all the rest. *Eustathius.*

VI.

VERSE 25. *A sudden horrour, &c.*] A modern french writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of Homer and Virgil, in relation to the deaths of Patroclus and of Pallas. The latter is kill'd by Turnus, as the former by Hector; Turnus triumphs in the spoils of the one, as Hector is clad in the arms of the other; Æneas revenges the death of Pallas by that of Turnus, as Achilles the death of Patroclus by that of Hector. The grief of Achilles in Homer on the score of Patroclus, is much greater than that of Æneas in Virgil, for the sake of Pallas. Achilles gives himself up to despair with a weakness which Plato could not pardon in him, and which can only be excus'd on account of the long and close friendship between 'em: That of Æneas is more discreet, and seems more worthy of a Hero. It was not possible that Æneas could be so deeply interested for any man, as Achilles was interested for Patroclus. For Virgil had no colour to kill Ascanius, who was little more than a child; besides, that his Hero's interest in the war of Italy was great enough of itself, not to need to be animated by so touching a concern as the fear of losing his Son. On the other hand, Achilles having but very little personal concern in the war of Troy (as he had told Agamemnon in the beginning of the Poem) and knowing besides, that he was to perish there, required

some very pressing motive to engage him to persist in it, after such disgusts and insults as he had received. It was this which made it necessary for these two great Poets to treat a subject so much in its own nature alike, in a manner so different. But as *Virgil* found it admirable in *Homer*, he was willing to approach it, as near as the oeconomy of his work would permit.

VII.

VERSE 27. *Cast on the ground, &c.*] This is a fine picture of the grief of *Achilles*: We see on the one hand, the posture in which the Hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he snatches the ashes and casts them on his head, according to the manner of those times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his sprinkling embers instead of ashes in the violence of his passion.) On the other side, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themselves about him, and answering to his groans: Beside him stands *Antilochus*, fetching deep sighs, and hanging on the arms of the Hero, for fear his despair and rage should cause some desperate attempt upon his own life: There is no Painter but will be touch'd with this image.

VIII.

VERSE 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their Lord, or in gratitude to the memory of *Patroclus*, who was remarkable for his goodness and affability; or under these pretences mourn'd for their own misfortunes and slavery. *Eustathius.*

IX.

VERSE 75. *Like some fair olive by my careful bunt.*] This passage, where the Mother compares her son to a tender plant, rais'd and preserv'd with care; has a most remarkable resemblance to that

that in the Psalms, *Thy children like branches of olive trees round thy table.* Psal. 127.

X.

VERSE 100; 115. *The two speeches of Achilles to Thetis.*] It is not possible to imagine more lively and beautiful strokes of nature and passion; than those which our Author ascribes to *Achilles* throughout these admirable speeches. They contain all, that the truest friend, the most tender son, and the most generous Hero, could think or express in this delicate and affecting circumstance. He shews his excess of love to his Mother, by wishing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than she should have endur'd so many sufferings on his account: He shews no less love for his friend, in resolving to revenge his death upon *Hector*, tho' his own would immediately follow. We see him here ready to meet his fate for the sake of his friend, and in the *Odyssey* we find him wishing to live again only to maintain his father's honour against his enemies: Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the encrease of his glory.

After having calmly consider'd the present state of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himself under it, by a reflection on those great men, whom neither their illustrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could save from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whose busines\$ it was in peace to sing their praises, and in war to imitate their actions. *Achilles*, like a man passionate of glory, takes none but the finest models; he thinks of *Hercules*, who was the son of *Jupiter*, and who had fill'd the universe with the noise of his immortal actions: These are the sentiments of a real Hero. *Eustathius.*

XI.

VERSE 137. *Let me—but oh ye gracious Powers &c.*] Achilles's words are these; „ now since I am „ never to return home, and since I lie here an use- „ less person, losing my best friend, and exposing the „ Greeks to so many dangers by my own folly; I „ who am superior to them all in battel---here he „ breaks off, and says---may contention perish ever- „ lastingly, &c. Achilles leaves the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it; for he should have said, --- „ since I have done all this, I'll perish to revenge „ him: Nothing can be finer than this sudden execration against discord and revenge, which breaks from the Hero in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasion'd.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in battel; and it was therefore no fault in him to say so. But he is so ingenuous as to give himself no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confessing at the same time, that many exceeded him in speaking: Unless one may take this as said in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of Virgil,

Orabunt eausas melius----&c.

XII.

VERSE 153. *Let me this instant.*] I shall have time enough for inglorious rest when I am in the grave, but now I must act like a living Hero: I shall indeed lie down in death, but at the same time rise higher in glory. Eustathius.

XIII.

VERSE 162. *That all shall know*, Achilles.] There is a great stress on ὅντες and οὐδείς. They shall soon find that their victoires have been owing to the long

long absence of a Hero, and that Hero *Achilles*. Upon which the Ancients have observ'd, that since *Achilles*'s anger there past in reality but a few days: To which it may be reply'd, that so short a time as this might well seem long to *Achilles*. who thought all unactive hours tedious and insupportable; and if the Poet himself had said that *Achilles* was long absent, he had not said it because a great many days had past, but because so great a variety of incidents had happen'd in that time. *Eustathius*.

XIV.

VERSE 171.—This promise of *Thetis* to present her Son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolutions of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he must have done: Therefore the interposition of *Thetis* here was absolutely necessary; it was *dignus vindice nodus*.

XV.

VERSE 219. *Who sends thee Goddess, &c.*] *Achilles* is amazed, that a moment after the Goddess his mother had forbid him fighting, he shou'd receive a contrary order from the Gods: Therefore he asks what God sent her? *Dacier*.

XVI,

VERSE 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected against *Homer*, that since *Patroclus* took *Achilles*'s armour, *Achilles* could not want arms while he had those of *Patroclus*; but (besides that *Patroclus* might have given his armour to his squire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans* by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*) this objection may be very solidly answer'd by saying that *Homer* has prevented it, since he made *Achilles*'s armour fit *Patroclus*'s body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore, it does

not

28 OBSERVATIONS on

not follow that because the armour of a large man fits one that is smaller, the armour of a little man shou'd fit one that is larger. *Eustathius.*

XVII.

VERSE 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian shield.]* Achilles seems not to have been of so large a stature as Ajax: Yet his shield 'tis likely might be fit enough for him, because his great strength was sufficient to wield it. This passage, I think, might have been made use of by the defenders of the shield of Achilles against the criticks, to shew that Homer intended the buckler of his Hero for a very large one: And one would think he put it into this place, just a little before the description of that shield, on purpose to obviate that objection.

XVIII.

VERSE 236. *But tho' unarm'd.]* A Hero so violent and so outragious as Achilles, and who had just lost the man he lov'd best in the world, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the enemy, for the single reason of having no armour. Grief and despair in a great soul are not so prudent and reserv'd: but then on the other side, he is not to throw himself in to the midst of so many enemies arm'd and flush'd with victory. Homer gets out of this nice circumstance with great dexterity, and gives to Achilles's character every thing he ought to give it, without offending either against reason or probability. He judiciously feigns, that Juno sent this order to Achilles, for Juno is the Goddess of royalty, who has the care of Princes and Kings; and who inspires them with the sense of what they owe to their dignity and character. *Dacier.*

XIX.

VERSE 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear.]* There cannot be a greater instance, how constantly Homer carry'd his whole design in his head,

head, as well as with what admirable art he raises one great idea upon another, to the highest sublime, than this passage of *Achilles's* appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the *Trojans* have the victory, they check their pursuit of it, in the mere thought that *Achilles sees them*: In the sixteenth, they are put into the utmost consternation at the sight of his armour and chariot: In the seventeenth, *Menelaus* and *Ajax* are in despair, on the consideration that *Achilles* cannot succour them for want of armour: In the present book, beyond all expectation he does but shew him self unarm'd, and the very sight of him gives the victory to *Greece*: How extremely noble is this gradation!

XX.

VERSE 245. *The smokes high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but smoak, and in the night flames are visible because of the darkness. And thus it is said in *Exodus*, that God led his people in the day with a pillar of smoak, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columna nubis, & per noctem in columna ignis.* Dacier.

XXI.

VERSE 247. *Seen from some Island.*] Homer makes choice of a town placed in an Island, because such a place being besieged has no other means of making its distress known than by signals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the necessity it is in. Dacier.

XXII.

VERSE 259. *As the loud Trumpets, &c.*] I have already observ'd, that when the Poet speaks as from himself, he may be allow'd to take his comparisons from things which were not known before his time.

time. Here he borrows a comparison from the *Trumpet*, as he has elsewhere done from *Saddle-horses*, tho' neither one nor the other were us'd in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* war. *Virgil* was less exact in this respect, for he describes the Trumpet as used in the sacking of *Troy*.

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

And celebrates *Misenus* as the Trumpeter of *Aeneas*. But as *Virgil* wrote at a time more remote from those heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excused. But a Poet had better confine himself to customs and manners, like a Painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

One may add an observation to this note of M. *Dacier*, that the Trumpet's not being in use at that time, makes very much for *Homer*'s purpose in this place. The terror rais'd by the voice of his Hero, is much the more strongly imag'd by a sound that was unusual, and capable of striking more from its very novelty.

XXIII.

VERSE 315. *If but the morrow's Sun, &c.] Polydamas* says in the original, „ if *Achilles* comes to „ morrow in his armour. There seems to lye an objection against this passage, for *Polydamas* knew that *Achilles*'s Armour was won by *Hector*, he must also know that no other man's Armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Those who are resolv'd to defend *Homer*, may answer, it was by his skill in Prophecy; but to me, this seems to be a slip of our Author's memory, and one of those little nods which *Horace* speaks of.

XXIV.

BOOK XVIII. 31

XXIV.

VERSE 333. *The speech of Hector.*] *Hector* in this severe answer to *Polydamas*, takes up several of his words and turns them another way.

Polydamas had said Πρεστὶ δὲ ἡμέρᾳ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηκθέντες επομένεις ἀν πόργες, „ to-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, and defend the Castles and City-walls, to which *Hector* replies, Πρεστὶ δὲ ἡμέρᾳ σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηκθέντες Νησίν ἵπει γλαφυρῶν εἰσίσθομεν ὅξεν Αἴγας, „ to-morrow by break of day let us put on our Arms, not to defend our selves at home, but to fight the Greeks before their own ships.

Polydamas, speaking of *Achilles*, had said τῷ δὲ ἄλιστῳ μηκὶ εἰδέντοις, &c. „ if he comes after we are within the walls of our City, 'twill be the worse for him, for he may drive round the City long enough before he can hurt us. To which, *Hector* answers; „ if *Achilles* should come Ἀλίστοις, „ αὐτὸν εἴθελγοι, τῷ ἕστελλας ό μη εἴσαι φεύχομαι ἐκ πολέμου, &c. "T will be the worse for him, as you say, because I'll fight him: ό μη εἴσαι φεύχομαι, says *Hector*, in reply to *Polydamas*'s saying, ὅσ νε φύγῃ. But *Hector* is not so far gone in passion or pride, as to forget himself, and accordingly in the next lines he modestly puts in doubt, which of them shall conquer. *Eustathius.*

XXV.

VERSE 340. *Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd.*] As well by reason of the convoys, which were necessarily to be sent for with ready money, as by reason of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from *Phrygia* and *Maonia*. *Hector's* meaning is, that since all the riches of *Troy* are exhausted, it is no longer necessary to spare themselves, or shut themselves up within their walls. *Dacier.*

XXVI.

OBSERVATIONS on XXVI.

VERSE 349. *If there be one, &c.]* This noble and generous proposal is worthy of *Hector*, and at the same time very artful to ingratiate himself with the Soldiers. *Eustathius* farther observes that it is said with an eye to *Polydamas*, as accusing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other end than to preserve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the desire of saving them has often occasion'd men to give advice very contrary to the publick welfare.

XXVII.

VERSE 379. *In what vain promise.]* The lamentation of *Achilles* over the body of *Patroclus* is exquisitely touch'd: It is sorrow in the extreme, but the sorrow of *Achilles*. It is nobly usher'd in by that simile of the grief of the Lion: an idea which is fully answer'd in the savage and bloody conclusion of this speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that *Achilles* did not know his fate, till after his departure from *Opantium*; and yet how does that agree with what is said of his choice of the short and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himself sometimes, that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectur'd from several other passages, and is indeed the most natural solution.

XXVIII.

VERSE 404. *Cleanse the pale corse, &c.]* This custom of washing the dead, is continu'd amongst the *Greeks* to this day; and 'tis a pious duty perform'd by the dearest friend or relation, to see it wash'd and anointed with a perfume; after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

XXIX.

VERSE 417. Jupiter and Juno.] Virgil has copy'd the speech of Juno to Jupiter. *Ast ego qua Divum incedo Regina*, &c. But it is exceeding remarkable, that Homer should upon every occasion make marriage and discord inseperable: 'T is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the husband and wife in a quarrel.

XXX.

VERSE 440. *Full twenty Tripods.*] Tripods were vessels supported on three feet, with handles on the sides; they were of several kinds, and for several uses; some were consecrated to sacrifices, some used as tables, some as seats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houses or temples; these of Vulcan have an addition of wheels, which was not usual, which intimates them to be made with clockwork. Mons. Dacier has commented very well on this passage. If Vulcan (says he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not answer'd the greatness, power, and skill of a God. It was therefore necessary that his work should be above that of men: To effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this Homer doth not devitate from probability; for every one is fully persuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than these, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been said of the statues of *Dedalus*? Plato writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got loose, and run from their master. If a writer in prose can speak hyperbolically of a man, may not Homer do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumstance with which Homer has embellish'd his Poem, would have had nothing too surprizing tho these tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work by an exact management of springs? This criticism is

34 OBSERVATIONS on

then ill grounded, and *Homer* does not deserve the ridicule they would cast on him.

The same Author applies to this passage of *Homer* that rule of *Aristotle*, *Poetic*. Chap. 26. which deserves to be alledged at large on this occasion.

„ When a Poet is accus'd of saying any thing that „ is impossible, we must examine that impossibility, „ either with respect to *Poetry*, with respect „ to that which is *best*, or with respect to *common fame*. First, with regard to *Poetry*. The „ *probable impossible* ought to be preferr'd to the *possible*, which hath no *verisimilitude*, and which „ would not be believ'd; and 'tis thus that *Zenodorus* „ painted his pieces. Secondly, with respect to that „ which is *best*; we see that a thing is most excel- „ lent and more wonderful this way, and that the „ originals ought always to surpas. Lastly, in re- „ spect to *fame*, it is prov'd that the Poet need on- „ ly follow common opinion. All that appears ab- „ surd may be also justify'd by one of these three „ ways; or else by the maxim we have already laid „ down, that it is probable, that a great many „ things may happen against probability.

A late Critick has taken notice of the conformity of this passage of *Homer* with that in the first chapter of *Ezekiel*, *The spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels; when those went, these went, and when those stood, these stood, and when those were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over against them; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.*

XXXI.

VERSE 459. *A footstool at her feet.*] It is at this day the usual honour paid amongst the *Greeks*, to visitors of superior quality, to set them higher than the rest of the company, and put a footstool under their feet. See Note 25. on Book 14. This, with innumerable other customs, are still preserv'd in the eastern nations.

XXXII.

XXXII.

VERSE 460. Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.] The story the Ancients tell, of *Plato's* application of this verse is worth observing. That great Philosopher had in his youth a strong inclination to Poetry, and not being satisfy'd to compose little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in Tragedy and epic Poetry, but the success was not answerable to his hopes: He compared his performance with that of *Homer*, and was very sensible of the difference. He therefore abandon'd a sort of writing wherein at best he could only be the second, and turn'd his views to another, wherein he despaired not to become the first. His anger transported him so far, as to cast all his verses into the fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verse of the very Poet who had caus'd his chagrin. It was the present line, which *Homer* has put into the mouth of *Charis*, when *Thetis* demands Arms for *Achilles*.

"Ηραίσε πρόμολ' ὦδε, Θέτις νῦν τε στῆσο χαλίξει.

Plato only inserted his own name instead of that of *Thetis*.

Vulcan draw near, 'tis *Plato* asks your aid.

If we credit the Ancients, it was the discontentment his own poetry gave him, that rais'd in him all the indignation he afterwards express'd against the art itself. In which (say they) he behaved like those lovers, who speak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. *Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 461. Thetis (reply'd the God) our Pow'rs
C 2 may

may clairs, &c.] Vulcan throws by his work to perform *Thetis's* request, who had laid former obligations upon him; the Poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude should take place of all other concerns.

The motives which should engage a God in a new work in the night-time upon a suit of Armour for a mortal, ought to be strong; and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: Besides, they afford at the same time a noble occasion for *Homer* to retail his Theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of *Vulcan*, or fire (according to *Eracleides*) is this. His father is *Jupiter*, or the *Aether*, his mother *Juno*, or the *Air*, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightning, or otherwise. He is said to be lame, that is, to want support, because he cannot subsist without the continual substance of fuel. The *Aetherial* fire, *Homer* calls *Sel* or *Jupiter*, the inferior *Vulcan*; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is subject to decay, and is restor'd by accession of materials. *Vulcan* is said to fall from heaven, because at first, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not so frequent, men prepared instruments of brass, by which they collected the beams of the Sun; or else they gain'd it from accidental lightning, that set fire to some combustible matter. *Vulcan* had perish'd when he fell from heaven unless *Thetis* and *Eury nome* had received him; that is, unless he had been preserv'd by falling into some convenient receptacle, or subterranean place; and so was afterwards distributed for the common necessities of mankind. To understand their strange explications, it must be known, that *Thetis* is deriv'd from *θένει* to lay up, and *Eury nome* from *εύπος* and *νόμη*, a wide distribution. They are called daughters of the Ocean, because the vapours and exhalation

BOOK XVIII. 37

halations of the sea forming themselves into clouds,
find nourishment for lightnings.

XXXIV.

VERSE 488. *Two female forms,
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.]*

It is very probable, that *Homer* took the idea of these from the statues of *Dadalus*, which might be extant in his time. The Ancients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it should seem, that the excellency of *Dadalus* consisted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by springs, rather than in sculpture or imagery: And accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himself and his Son, is form'd entirely upon the foundation of the former.

XXXV.

VERSE 517. *Robb'd of the prize, &c.] Thesis to compas her design, recounts every thing to the advantage of her Son; she therefore suppresses the episode of the embassly, the prayers that had been made use of to move him, and all that the Greeks had suffer'd after the return of the Ambassadors; and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had follow'd each other in the same moment. He declin'd, says she, to succour the Greeks, but he sent Patroclus. Now between his refusing to help the Greeks, and his sending Patroclus, terrible things had fallen out; but she suppresses them, for fear of offending Vulcan with the recital of Achilles's inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an aversion to her Son. Eustathius.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 526. *Then slain by Phoebus (Hector had the name.) It is a passage worth taking notice of,*

that *Brutus* is said to have consulted the *Sortes Homerica*, and to have drawn one of these lines, wherein the death of *Patroclus* is ascribed to *Apollo*. After which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God for the word of battel. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by some of the Ancients, tho' I forget where I met with it.

XXXVII.

VERSE 537. *The father of the fires, &c.*] The Ancients (says *Eustathius*) have largely celebrated the philosophical mysteries which they imagined to be shadowed under these descriptions; especially *Dana* (suppos'd the daughter of *Pythagoras*) whose explanation is as follows. *Thetis*, who receives the Arms, means the apt order and disposition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind rais'd by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire* the most active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are those *golden maids*, that waited on *Vulcan*. The circular shield is the *world*, being of a spherical figure. The gold, the brass, the silver, and the tin are the *elements*: Gold is fire, the firm brass is earth, the silver is air, and the soft tin, water. And thus far (say they) *Homer* speaks a little obscurely, but afterwards he names 'em expressly, εὸ μὲν γαῖαν ἔτεν, οὐ δὲ σφράγις, οὐ δὲ θάλασσαν, to which, for the fourth element, you must add *Vulcan*, who makes the shield. The extreme circle that run round the shield which he calls *splendid* and *threefold*, is the *Zodiack*; threefold in its breadth, within which all the Planets move; splendid, because the Sun passes always thro' the midst of it. The silver handle by which the shield is fastened at both extremities, is the *Axis* of the world, imagin'd to pass thro it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are those parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Aequator*.

Heraclides Ponticus thus persues the allegory. *Homer* (says he) makes the working of his shield, that is the world, to be begun by *night*, as indeed all matter lay undistinguish'd in an orginal and universal *night*, which is called *chaos* by the Poets.

To bring the matter of the shield to separation and form, *Vulcan* presides over the work, or as we may say, an *essential warmth*: *All things*, says *Heraclitus*, being made by the operation of fire.

And because the *Architect* is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the Graces.

*On the broad shield the maker's hand engraves
The earth and seas beneath, the pole above,
The Sun unwearied, and the circled Moon.*

Thus in the beginning of the world, he first lays the Earth as a foundation of a building, whose vacancies are fill'd up with the flowings of the sea. Then he spreads out the sky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now separated from their former confusion, with the *Sun*, the *Moon*,

And all those stars that crown the skies with fire.

Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundness, he again hints at the figure of the world; and tho' he cou'd not particularly name the stars like *Aratus* (who profess'd to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two *Allegorical Cities*, one of *Peace*, the other of *War*; *Empedocles* seems to have taken from *Homer* his assertion, that all things had their original from *strife* and *friendship*.

All these refinemens (not to call 'em absolute whimsies)

40 OBSERVATIONS on

sies) I leave just as I found 'em, to the Reader's judgment or mercy. They call it learning to have read them; but I fear it is folly to quote them.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The Criticks make use of this passage, to prove that *Homer* was ignorant of Astronomy; since he believ'd, that the *Bear* was the only constellation which never bathed itself in the Ocean, that is to say that did not set, and was always visible; for say they, this is common to other constellations of the artick circle, as the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of *Cepheus*, &c. To save *Homer*, *Aristotle* answers, that he calls it the only one, to shew that 'tis the only one of those constellations he had spoken of, or that he has put the *only*, for the *principal* or the *most known*. *Strabo* justifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his first book, „ under the name of the „ *Bear* and the *Chariot*, *Homer* comprehends all the „ artick circle, for there being several other stars in „ that circle which never set, he could not say, „ that the Bear was the only one which did not „ bathe itself in the Ocean; wherefore those are de- „ ceived, who accuse the Poet of ignorance, as if „ he knew one Bear only when there are two; for „ the lesser was not distinguish'd in his time. The „ *Phoenicians* were the first who observ'd it, and made „ use of it in their navigation; and the figure of „ that sign passed from them to the *Greeks*: The „ same thing happen'd in regard to the constellation „ of *Berenice's hair*, and that of *Canopus*, which „ receiv'd those names very lately; and as *Aratus* „ says well, there are several other stars which „ have no names. *Crates* was then in the wrong „ to endeavour to correct this passage, in putting „ οῖος for οἴην, for he tries to avoid that which there „ is

„ is no occasion to avoid. *Heraclitus* did better, „ who put the Bear for the artick circle as *Homer* „ has done. *The Bear* (says he) is the limit of the „ rising and setting of the stars. Now it is the *Artick Circle*, and not the *Bear* which is that limit.

„ 'Tis therefore evident, that by the word *bear*, „ which he calls the *Waggon*, and which he says ob- „ serves *Orion*, he understands the artick circle; „ that by the Ocean he means the Horizon where „ the Stars rise and set; and by those words, which „ turns in the same place, and doth not bathe itself „ in the Ocean, he shews that the Artick Circle is „ the most northern part of the Horizon, &c. Da- „ tier on *Arist.*

Monf. *Terrasson* combates this passage with great warmth. But it will be a sufficient vindication of our Author to say, that some other constellations, which are likewise perpetually above the Horizon in the latitude where *Homer* writ, were not at that time discovered; and that whether *Homer* knew that the Bear's not setting was occasion'd by the latitude, and that in a smaller latitude it would set, is of no consequence; for if he had known it, it was still more poetical not to take notice of it.

XXXIX.

VERSE 467. *Two Cities, &c.]* In one of these Cities are represented all the advantages of *Peace*: And it was impossible to have chosen two better emblems of *Peace*, than *marriages* and *justice*. 'Tis said this City was *Athens*, for marriages were first instituted there by *Cecrops*; and judgment upon murder was first founded there. The ancient state of *Attica* seems represented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a King is overlooking them; for *Triptolemus* who reigned there, was the first who sowed corn: This was the imagination of *Agallius Cercyreus*, as we find him cited by *Eustathius*.

VERSE 579. *The fine discharg'd.]* Murder was not always punish'd with death, or so much as banishment; but when some fine was paid, the criminal was suffer'd to remain in the City. So *Iliad XI. v. 628.*

— Kai μὲν τίς πε κατβίτοιο φόνοιο
Ποιεῖν, οὐδὲ παιδὸς ἐδίξατο πειναστόν.
Kai δέ ποτε εἰ δύμω μέτει αὐτεῖς κόδις ἀπολίτους.

V. 743. — If a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed;
A Sire the slaughter of his Son forgives,
The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives.

XL I.

VERSE 590. *The prize of him who best adjug'd the right.]* *Eustathius* informs us, that it was anciently the custom to have a reward given to that Judge who pronounced the best sentence. *M. Dacier* opposes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the person who upon the decision of the suit appear'd to have the justest cause. The difference between these two customs, in the reason of the thing, is very great: For the one must have been an encouragement to justice, the other a provocation to dissension. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wisdom of the Ancients, and of *Homer* in particular, not to chuse the former sense: And I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ablest judge, as well as the best practiser of equity, my Lord *Harcourt*, at whose seat I translated this book.

XL II.

VERSE 591. *Another part a prospect diff'rent far, &c.]* The same *Agallias*, cited above, would have

have this City in war to be meant of *Eleusina*, but upon very slight reasons. What is wonderful is, that all the accidents and events of *War* are set before our eyes in this short compass. The several scenes are excellently dispos'd to represent the whole affair. Here is in the space of thirty lines a siege, a sally, an ambush, the surprise of a convoy, and a battel; with scarce a single circumstance proper to any of these, omitted.

XLIII.

VERSE 619. *There tumult, &c.*] This is the first place in the whole description of the Buckler, where *Homer* rises in his style, and uses the allegorical ornaments of Poetry; so natural it was for his imagination (now heated with the fighting scenes of the Iliad) to take fire where the image of a battel was presented to it.

XLIV.

VERSE 627. *A field deep-furrow'd, &c.*] Here begin the descriptions of rural life, in which *Homer* appears as great a master as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One wou'd think, he did this on purpose to rival his contemporary *Hesiod*, on those very subjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occasion, I must take notice of that Greek Poem, which is commonly ascribed to *Hesiod* under the title of *'Αττίς Ἡπανθίας*. Some of the Ancients mention such a work as *Hesiod's*, but that amounts to no proof that this is the same: Which indeed is not an express Poem upon the shield of *Hercules*, but a fragment of the story of that Hero. What regards the shield is a manifest copy from this of *Achilles*; and consequently it is 'not of *Hesiod*'. For if he was not more ancient, he was at least contemporary with *Homer*: And neither of them could be supposed to borrow so shamelessly from the other, not only the plan of entire descriptions, (as those

those of the marriage, the harvest, the vineyard, the Ocean round the margin, &c.) but also whole verses together: Those of the *Parca* in the battel, are repeated word for word,

— ἦ, δ' ὅλοι Κῦρ,
 Ἀλλοι ζωέταις τεύταῖσι, ἄλλοι ἀγλαῖ,
 Ἀλλοι τεθνῶται κατὰ μόδον ἐλπε ποδοῖσι.
 Εἴμα δ' ἵχ' ἀμφ' ὥμοισι δαφοίσεον ἀμφάτι φυτᾶ.

And indeed half the Poem is but a sort of *Cento* compos'd out of *Homer's* verses. The Reader needs only cast an eye on these two descriptions, to see the vast difference of the original and the copy; and I dare say he will readily agree with the sentiment of Monsieur *Dacier*, in applying to them that famous verse of *Sannazarus*:

Illum hominem dices, hunc posuisse Deum.

X L V.

V E R S E id.] I ought not to forget the many apparent allusions to the descriptions on this shield, which are to be found in those pictures of Peace and War, the City and Country, in the eleventh book of *Milton*; who was doubtless fond of any occasion to shew, how much he was charm'd with the beauty of all these lively images. He makes his Angel paint those objects which he shews to *Adam*, in the colours, and almost the very strokes of *Homer*. Such is that passage of the harvest-field,

*His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
 New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds:
 In midſt an altar, as the landmark, stood,
 Rustic, of grassy ſord, &c.*

That

That of the marriages,

*They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen (then first to marriage rites invok'd)
With feast and musick all the tents resound.*

But more particularly, the following lines are in a manner a translation of our Author.

*One way, a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair Oxen, and fair kine
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, across the plain,
Their booty: Scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the squadrons join
Where cattel pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms th'ensanguin'd field
Deserted—others to a City strong
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, stones, and sulph'rous fire:
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.*

*In other part, the scepter'd Heralds call
To Council in the City gates: anon
Grey headed men and grave, with Warriors mixt,
Assemble; and harangues are heard —*

X L V I .

VERSE 645. *The rustic Monarch of the field.]*
Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a Hero in reward of his services. It was in no respect unworthy such a person, in those days, to see his harvest got in, and to overlook his reapers. It is very conformable to the manners of the ancient Patriarchs, such as they are describ'd to us in the holy Scriptures.

46 OBSERVATIONS on
XLVII.

VERSE 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verse in the original : That which I have chosen is confirm'd by the testimony of *Herodotus* lib. 2. and *Pausanias. Eœoticis.* Linus was the most ancient name in Poetry, the first upon record who invented verse and measure among the *Greeians*: He past for the Son of *Apollo* or *Mercury*, and was præceptor to *Hercules*, *Thamyris*, and *Orpheus*. There a was solemn custom among the *Greeks* of bewailing annually the death of their first Poet: *Pausanias* informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the Muses on mount *Helicon*, the obsequies of *Linus* were perform'd, who had a statue and altar erected to him, in that place. *Homer* alludes to that custom in this passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this respect to the old father of Poetry. *Virgil* has done the same in that fine celebration of him, *Eleg. 6.*

*Tum canit errantem permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hac illi, divino carmine, pastor
(Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
Dixerit— &c.*

And again in the fourth *Eleg.*

*Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus;
Nec Linus; huic Mater, quamvis atque huic Pa-
ter adsit,
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.*

XLVIII.

VERSE 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two sorts of dances, the pyrrhick, and the common dance: *Homer* has joyn'd both in this description. We see the

the pyrrhick, or military, is perform'd by the youths who have fwords on, the other by the virgins crown'd with garlands.

Here the ancient Scholiaſts say, that whereas before it was the custom for men and women to dance separately, the contrary practice was afterwards brought in, by ſeven youths, and as many virgins, who were ſav'd by *Theseus* from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by *Dedalus*: To which *Homer* here alludes. See *Dion. Halic. Hift. l. 7. c. 68.*

It is worth obſerving that the *Grecian* dance is ſtill perform'd in this manner in the *Oriental* naſtions: The youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly; by degrees the muſick plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſſ: and towards the concluſion, they ſing (as it is ſaid here) in a general chorus.

XLIX.

VERSE 702. *And pour the Ocean round]*

This being only the frame or border of the Shield, *Homer* paſſes over this part of the deſcription negligently: for which reaſon *Virgil* (to take a diſſerent walk, makes half his deſcription of Æneas's buckler conſist in a ſea-fight. For the ſame reaſon he has labou'red the ſea piece among his Games, more than any other, because *Homer* had deſcribed nothing of this kind at the funeral of *Patroclos*.





OBSERVATIONS ON THE SHIELD of ACHILLES.

THE Poet intending to shew in its full lustre, his genius for description, makes choice of this interval from action and the leisure of the night, to display that talent at large in the famous Buckler of *Achilles*. His intention was no less, than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compass of this shield. We first see the universe in general; the heavens are spread, the stars are hung up, the earth is stretched forth, the seas are pour'd round: We next see the world in a nearer and more particular view; the Cities, delightful in Peace, or formidable in War; the labours of the Countrey, and the fruit of those labours, in the harvest and the vintages; the pastoral life in its pleasures and its dangers: In a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diversions of mankind. This noble and comprehensive design he has executed in a manner that challeng'd the admiration of all the Ancients: And how right an idea they had of this grand design, may be jug'd from that verse of *Ovid. Met. 13.* where he calls it

— *Clypeus vasti cœlatus imagine mundi.*

It is indeed astonishing how after this the arrogance

of some moderns could unfortunately chuse the noblest part of the noblest Poet for the object of their blind censures. Their criticisms however just upon other parts, yet when employ'd on this Buckler, are to the utmost weak and impotent.

— *Postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est
Mortalis mucro, glacies seu futilis, ita
Diffinit.* —

I design to give the Reader the sum of what has been said on this subject. First, a reply to the loose and scatter'd objections of the Criticks, by M. *Dacier*: Then the regular plan and distribution of the shield, by Mons. *Boivin*: And lastly, I shall attempt what has not yet been done, to consider it as a work of *Painting*, and prove it in all respects conformable to the most just ideas and establish'd rules of that art.

I.

It is the fate (says M. *Dacier*) of these Arms of *Achilles*, to be still the occasion of quarrels and disputes. *Julius Scaliger* was the first who appear'd against this part, and was follow'd by a whole herd. These object in the first place, that 'tis impossible to represent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn also the subject, which they say is trivial, and not well understood. 'Tis certain that *Homer* speaks of the figures on this Buckler, as if they were alive: And some of the Ancients taking his expressions to the strictness of the letter, did really believe that they had all sorts of motions. *Eustathius* shewed the absurdity of that sentiment by a passage of *Homer* himself, „ that Poet, says he, to shew that his figures are not animated, as some have pretended by an excessive affection for the prodigious, took care to say that they *moved and fought*, as if they

50 OBSERVATIONS on

„ were living men. The Ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of Aristotle: For they thought the Poet could not make his description more admirable and marvellous, than in making his figures animated, since (as Aristotle says) the original should always excel the copy. That shield is the work of a God: 'Tis the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impossible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this Homer would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore, 'tis without any necessity Eustathius adds, „ that 'tis possible all those figures did not stick close to the shield, but that they were detach'd from it, and mov'd by springs, in such a manner that they appear'd to have motion; as Æschylus has feign'd something like it, in his *seven Captains against Thebes*. But without having recourse to that conjecture, we can shew that there is nothing more simple and natural than the description of that shield, and there is not one word which Homer might not have said of it, if it had been the work of a man; for there is a great deal of difference between the work itself, and the description of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame Homer. They say he describes two towns on his shield which speak different languages. 'Tis the Latin translation, and not Homer, that says so; the word *μερπόνων*, is a common epithet of men, and which signifies only, that they have an articulate voice. These towns could not speak different languages, since, as the Ancients have remarked, they were *Athens* and *Eleusina*, both which spake the same language. But tho' that epithet should signify which spake different languages, there would be nothing very surprizing; for Virgil said what Homer it seems must not:

Vita longo ordine gentes,

Quam varia linguis —

Æn. 8.

If a Painter should put into a picture one town of France and another of Flanders, might not one say they were two towns which spake different languages?

Homer (they tell us) says in another place, that we bear the harangues of two pleaders. This is an unfair exaggeration: He only says, *two men pleaded*, that is, were represented pleading. Was not the same said by Pliny of Nicomachus, that he had painted two Greeks, which spake one after another? Can we express ourselves otherwise of these two arts, which tho' they are mute, yet have a language? Or in explaining a painting of Raphael or Poussin, can we prevent animating the figures, in making them speak conformably to the design of the Painter? But how could the engraver represent those young shepherds and virgins that dance first in a ring, and then in sets? Or those troops which were in ambuscade? This would be difficult indeed if the workman had not the liberty to make his persons appear in different circumstances. All the objections against the young man who sings at the same time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilst he is devoured by a Lion, and against the musical consorts, are childish; for we can never speak of painting if we banish those expressions. Pliny says of Apelles, that he painted Clytus on horseback going to battel, and demanding his helmet of his Squire: Of Aristides, that he drew a beggar whom we could almost understand, *pene cum voce*: Of Ctesiphon, that he had painted Jupiter bringing forth Bacchus, and crying out like a woman, *& muliebriter ingemiscens*: And of Nicearchus, that he had drawn a piece, which Hercules was seen very melancholy on re-

52 OBSERVATIONS on

flexion of his madness, *Herculem stristem, insania peccata.* No one sure will condemn those ways of expression which are so common. The same Author has said much more of *Apelles*; he tells us, he painted, those things which could not be painted, as thunder; *Pinxit qua pingi non possunt*: And of *Timanthus*, that in all his works there was something more understood than was seen; and tho' there was all the art imaginable, yet there was still more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur & cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est.* If we take the pains to compare these expressions with those of *Homer*, we shall find him altogether excusable in his manner of describing the Buckler.

We come now to the matter. If this shield (say a modern Critick) had been made in a wiser age, it would have been more correct and less charg'd with objects. There are two things which cause the censurers to fall into this false criticism: The first is that they think the shield was no broader than the brims of a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the design of the Poet, and imagined this description was only the whimsy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature; for they never so much as enter'd into the intention of the Poet nor knew the shield was design'd as a representation of the universe.

"Tis happy that *Virgil* has made a Buckler for *Aeneas*, as well as *Homer* for *Achilles*. The Latin Poet, who imitated the Greek one, always took care to accommodate those things which time had changed so as to render them agreeable to the palate of his Readers; yet he hath not only charg'd his shield with a great deal more work, since he paints all the nations of the Romans from *Ascanius* to *Augustus*; b

BOOK XVIII. 53

has not avoided any of those manners of expression which offend the Criticks. We see there the Wolf of *Romulus* and *Remus*, who gives them her dugs one after another, *mulcere alternos, & corpora fingere lingua*: The rape of the *Sabines* and the War which follow'd it, *subitoque novum consurgere bellum*: *Metins* torn by four horses, and *Tullus* who draws his entrails thro' the forest: *Porsenna* commanding the *Romans* to receive *Tarquin*, and besieging *Rome*: The geese flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their *cries* of the attack of the *Gauls*.

*Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser,
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.*

We see the *Salian* dance, hell, and the pains of the damn'd; and farther off, the place of the blessed, where *Cato* presides: We see the famous battel of *Litium*, where we may distinguish the Captains: *Agrippa* with the Gods, and the winds favourable; and *Anthony* leading on all the forces of the east, *Egypt*, and the *Bactrians*: The fight begins, the sea is red with blood, *Cleopatra* gives the signal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a *Systrum*. *Patria vocat agmina Systro*. The Gods, or rather the monsters of *Egypt*, fight against *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Minerva*, *Mars* and *Apollo*: We see *Anthony*'s fleet beaten, and the *Nile* sorrowfully opening his bosom to receive the conquer'd: *Cleopatra* looks pale and almost dead at the thought of that death she had already determined; nay we see the very wind *Iapis*, which hastens her flight: We see the three Triumphs of *Augustus*; that Prince consecrates three hundred Temples, the Altars are fill'd with Ladies offering up sacrifices, *Augustus* sitting at the entrance of *Apollo*'s Temple, receives presents, and hangs them on the pillars of the Temple; while all the conquer'd na-

tions pass by, who speak different languages, and are differently equipp'd and arm'd.

---- *Incedunt victa longo ordine gentes,*

Quam varia linguis. habitu tum vestis & armis.

Nothing can better justify *Homer*, or shew the wisdom and judgment of *Virgil*: He was charm'd with *Achilles's* shield, and therefore would give the same ornament to his Poem. But as *Homer* had painted the universe, he was sensible that nothing remain'd for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and shew what the descendant of his Hero should perform; and he was not afraid to go beyond *Homer*, because there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the Criticks say, that this is justifying one fault by another; I desire they would agree among themselves; for *Scaliger*, who was the first that condemn'd *Homer's* shield, admires *Virgil's*. But suppose they should agree, 'twould be foolish to endeavour to persuade us, that what *Homer* and *Virgil* have done by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think that their particular taste should prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's self to answer men, who shew so little reason in their criticisms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to ascribe it to their ignorance.

Thus far the objections are answer'd by Mons. *Dacier*, since when, some others have been started, as that the objects represented on the Buckler have no reference to the Poem, no agreement with *Thetis* who procur'd it, *Vulcan* who made it, or *Achilles* for whom it was made.

To this it is reply'd, that the representation of the sea was agreeable enough to *Thetis*; that the spheres and celestial fires were so to *Vulcan*; tho' the truth is, any piece of workmanship was equally fit

to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town besieг'd, a battel, and an ambuscade, were objects sufficiently proper for *Achilles*. But after all, where was the necessity that they should be so? They had at least been as fit for one Hero as for another, and *Æneas*, as *Virgil* tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his shield,

Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet.

I I.

But still the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumph'd the most, is, that the shield is crowded with such a multiplicity of figures, as could not possibly be represented in the compass of it. The late dissertation of Mons^r. Boivin has put an end to this cavil, and the Reader will have the pleasure to be convinced of it by ocular demonstration, in the print annexed.

This Author supposes the Buckler to have been perfectly round: He divides the convex surface into four concentrick circles.

The Circle next the center contains the globe of the earth and the sea, in miniature; he gives this circle the dimension of three inches.

The second Circle is allotted for the heavens and the stars: he allows the space of ten inches between this, and the former circle.

The third shall be eight inches distant from the second. The space between these two circles shall be divided into twelve compartments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The fourth Circle makes the margin of the Buckler: And the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is sufficient to represent the waves and currents of the Ocean.

All these together make but four foot in the whole diameter. The print of these circles and divi-

56 OBSERVATIONS on

sions will serve to prove, that the figures will neither be crowded nor confused, if disposed in the proper place and order.

As to the size and figure of the shield, it is evident from the Poets, that in the time of the *Trojan War* there were shields of an extraordinary magnitude. The Buckler of *Ajax* is often compar'd by *Homer* to a tower; and in the sixth *Iliad* that of *Hector* is described to cover him from the shoulders to the ankles.

*Αυτοὶ δὲ οἱ σφυρὸς τύποι καὶ αὐχένες δίγμως πελεῖσιν
Αἰγαῖον πυμάτην δίειν ἀσπίδος ὄμφαλόσσους.* v. 117.

In the second verse of the description of this Buckler of *Achilles*, it is said that *Vulcan* cast round it a radiant circle.

Περὶ δὲ ἡγεμονία βάλλε φαίνεται. §. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledg'd that *Αἴγαῖον* as well signifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be answer'd, that the circular figure better agrees to the spheres represented in the center, and to the course of the Ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four foot diameter to this Buckler: As one may suppose a larger size would have been too unwieldy, so a less would not have been sufficient to cover the breast and arm of a man of stature so large as *Achilles*.

In allowing four foot diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confusion, all the objects which *Homer* mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartment

partiment being but of one inch, the principal figures only are represented; but the Reader may easily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the Criticks are not yet satisfy'd there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal sense the words πάντας δαιδάλων, with which *Homer* begins his description, and the buckler may be suppos'd engraven on both sides, which supposition will double the size of each piece: The one side may serve for the general description of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III.

It having been now shewn, that the shield of *Homer* is blameless as to its design and disposition, and that the subject (so extensive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vast unproportion'd heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartments. What remains, is to consider this piece as a complete *Idea of Painting*, and a sketch for what one may call an *universal Picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the Criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reason to believe that *Homer* did in this, as he has done in other arts, (even in mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was know of it in his time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend his ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly it is very observable, that there is scarce a species or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether history, battel-painting, landskip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, &c.

I think it possible that Painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally supposed by those who have written upon it. *Pliny* expressly says, that it was

58 OBSERVATIONS on

not known in the time of the *Trojan* war. The same Author, and others, represent it in a very imperfect state in *Greece*, in, or near the days of *Homer*. They tell us of one Painter, that he was the first who begun to shadow; and of another, that he fill'd his outlines only with a single colour, and that laid on every where alike: But we may have a higher notion of the art, from those descriptions of statues, carvings, tapestry's, sculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our Author; as well as from what he says of their beauty, the relieveo, and their emulation of life itself. If we consider how much it is his constant practice to confine himself to the custom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and sculpture must have been then in great practice and repute.

The Shield is not only describ'd as a piece of sculpture but of painting; the outlines may be suppos'd engraved, and the rest enamel'd, or inlaid with various-colour'd metals. The variety of colours is plainly distinguish'd by *Homer*, where he speaks of the blackness of the new-open'd earth, of the several colours of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that *Vulcan* is feign'd to cast into the furnace, were sufficient to afford all the necessary colours: But if to those which are natural to the metals, we add also those which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we shall find, that *Vulcan* had as great a variety of colours to make use of as any modern Painter. That enamelling, or fixing colours by fire, was practised very anciently, may be conjectur'd from what *Diodorus* reports of one of the walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*, that the bricks of it were painted before they were burn'd, so as to represent all sorts of Animals. lib. 2. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that

men had made use of ordinary colours for the representation of objects, before they learnt to represent them by such as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more easy and obvious than the other, and that sort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The same inference will be farther enforced from the works of tapestry, which the women of those times interwovened with many colours; as appears from the description of that veil which *Hecuba* offers to *Minerva* in the sixth Iliad, and from a passage in the twenty second where *Andromache* is represented working flowers in a piece of this kind. They must certainly have known the use of colours themselves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with those colours, and weaving those threads close to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing so much more easily perform'd by a pencil. This observation I owe to the *Abbé Fragnier*.

It may indeed be thought, that a Genius so vast and comprehensive as that of *Homer* might carry his views beyond the rest of mankind, and that in this buckler of *Achilles* he rather design'd to give a scheme of what might be perform'd, than a description of what really was so: and since he made a God the artist, he might excuse himself from a strict confinement to what was known and practised in the time of the Trojan War. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by strength of genius, (tho' the latter be more glorious for *Homer*) a full and exact idea of Painting in all its parts; that is to say, in the *Invention*, the *Composition*, the *Expression*, &c.

The *Invention* is shewn in finding and introducing, in every subject, the greatest, the most significant, and most suitable objects. Accordingly in every fin-

60 OBSERVATIONS on

gle picture of the shield, *Homer* constantly finds out either those objects which are naturally the principal, those which most conduce to shew the subject, or those which set it in the liveliest and most agreeable light: These he never fails to dispose in the most advantagious manners, situations, and oppositions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characterized*, in their expressions and attitudes, according to their several natures: The Gods (for instance) are distinguish'd in air, habit and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; masters from servants, in the eighth; and so of the rest.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact observation of the *Contrast*, not only between figure and figure, but between subject and subject. The City in peace is a contrast to the City in war: Between the siege in the fourth picture, and the battel in the sixth, a piece of paisage is introduced, and rural scenes follow after. The country too is represented in war in the fifth, as well as in peace in the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are shewn in these two different states, in the tenth and the eleventh. Where the subjects appear the same, he contrastes them some other way: Thus the first picture of the Town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the second has a character of earnestness and sollicitude, in the dispute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the plowing is of a different character from the harvest, and that of the harvest from the vintage. In each of these there is a contrast of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people: In the first, some are plowing, others taking a cup of good liquor; in the next, we see the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepar'd in another; in the last, the labour of the vineyard is reliev'd with musick and a dance. The persons are no less varied, old and young,

men

men and women: There being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that those in the latter are of a different character from the former; they who dress the supper being ordinary women, the others who carry baskets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: And these again are of an inferior character to those in the twelfth piece, who are distinguish'd as people of condition by a more elegant dress. There are three dances in the buckler, and these too are varied: That at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the last picture a mingled one. Lastly, there is a manifest contrast in the colours; nay, ev'n in the back-grounds of the several pieces: For example, that of the plowing is of a dark tinct, that of the harvest yellow, that of the pasture green, and the rest in like manner.

That he was not a stranger to aerial *perspective*, appears in his expressly marking the distance of object from object: He tells us, for instance, that the two Spies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak under which was spread the banquet of the reapers, stood apart. What he says of the valley sprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a description of a large country in perspective. And indeed a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the shield; which could not be all express'd in their full magnitude: And this is therefore a sort of proof that the art of lessening them according to perspective was known at that time.

What the Criticks call the *three Unities*, ought in reason as much to be observed in a picture as in a play; each should have only *one principal action*, *one instant of time*, and *one point of view*. In this method of examination also, the shield of *Homer* will bear the test: He has been more exact than the great-

62 OBSERVATIONS on

greatest Painters, who have often deviated from one or other of these rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartment) it will appear,

First, that there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no supernumerary figures or actions are introduced. This will answer all that has been said of the confusion and crowd of figures on the shield, by those who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, that no action is represented in one peice, which could not happen in the same instant of time. This will overthrow the objection against so many different actions appearing in one shield; which, in this case, is much as absurd as to object against so many of Raphael's cartons appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, it will be manifest that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be seen in one point of view. Hereby the Abbé Terrasson's whole criticism will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, stars and sea, with the particular prospects of towns, fields, &c. could never be seen all at once. Homer was incapable of so absurd a thought, nor could these heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been seen together from one point; for the constellations and the full moon, for example, could never be seen at once with the Sun. But the celestial bodies were placed on the boss, as the Ocean at the margin of the shield: These were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: In the same manner as the divisions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the discretion of the Painter, with foliage, architecture, grotesque, or what he pleases: However his judgment

ment will be still more commendable, if he contrives to make even these extrinsical parts, to bear some allusion to the main design: It is this which *Homer* has done, in placing a sort of sphere in the middle, and the Ocean at the border, of a work which was expressly intended to represent the universe.

I proceed now to the detail of the shield; in which the words of *Homer* being first translated, an attempt will be made to shew with what exact order all that he describes may enter into the composition, according to the rules of painting.



T H E SHIELD of ACHILLES

Divided into its several parts.

The Boss of the Shield.

VERSE 483. Ἐρ πάν γαιαν, &c.] Here Vulcan represented the earth, the heaven, the sea, the indefatigable course of the Sun, the Moon in her full, all the celestial signs that crown Olympus, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly call'd the Wain, the only constellation which never bathes itself in the Ocean, turns about the Pole, and observes the course of Orion.

The sculpture of these resembled somewhat of our terrestrial and celestial Globes, and took up the cent-

64 OBSERVATIONS on

er of the shield: "Tis plain by the huddle in which *Homer* expresses this, that he did not describe it as a picture for a point of fight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartments, each being a separate picture: As follow,

First compartment. *A Town in Peace.*

"Ἐν δὲ δύω πόλεσ τοῖσι, &c.] He engraved two Cities; in one of them were represented nuptials and festivals. The spouses from their bridal chambers, were conducted thro' the town by the light of torches. Every mouth sung the Hymeneal song: The youths turn'd rapidly about in a circular dance: The flute and the lyre resounded: The women, every one in the street, standing in the porches, beheld and admired.

In this picture, the Brides preceded by torch-bearers are on the fore-ground: The dance in circles, and Musicians behind them: The street in perspective on either side, the women and spectators, in the porches, &c. dispers'd thro' all the Architecture.

Second compartment. *An assembly of people.*

"Ἄνδρες δέ εἰναι ἀλογοί, &c.] There was seen a number of people in the market-place, and two men disputing warmly: The occasion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one affirm'd before the people he had paid, the other deny'd to have receiv'd. both demanded, that the affair should be determined by the judgment of an arbiter: The acclamations of the multitude favour'd sometimes the one party, sometimes the other.

Here is a fine plan for a master-piece of expression; any judge of painting will see our Author has chosen that cause which of all others, wou'd give occasion to the greatest variety of expression: The father, the

mur-

BOOK XVIII. 65

murderer, the witnesses, and the different passions of the assembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to *Raphael* himself.

Third compartment. *The Senate.*

Kύρους δ' ἄρα λαὸς ἐγένετο, &c.] The Heralds rang'd the people in order: The reverend Elders were seated on seats of polish'd stone, in the sacred Circle; they rose up and declared their judgment, each in his turn, with the Scepter in his hand: Two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given to him who should pronounce the most equitable judgment.

The Judges are seated in the center of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) standing up as speaking, another in an action of rising, as in order to speak: The ground about 'em a prospect of the forum, fill'd with Auditors and Spectators.

Fourth compartment. *A Town in War.*

Τὴν δ' ἵρις πόλιν, &c.] The other City was besieged by two glittering Armies: They were not agreed, whether to sack the town, or divide all the booty of it into two equal parts, to be shared between them: Meantime the besieged secretly armed themselves for an ambuscade. Their wives, children, and old men were posted to defend the walls: The Warriors march'd from the town with Pallas and Mars at their head: The Deities were of gold, and had golden Armours, by the glory of which they were distinguish'd above the men, as well as by their superior stature, and more elegant proportions.

This subject may be thus dispos'd: The town pretty near the eye, a-cross the whole picture, with the old men on the walls: The Chiefs of each Army

66 OBSERVATIONS on

on the fore-ground: Their different opinions for putting the town to the sword, or sparing it on account of the booty, may be express'd by some having their hands on their swords, and looking up to the City, others stopping them, or in an action of persuading against it. Behind, in prospect, the Townsmen may be seen going out from the back gates, with the two Deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear instance of what the Ancients always practised, the distinguishing the Gods and Goddesses by characters of Majesty or beauty somewhat superior to nature; we constantly find this in their statues, and to this the modern masters owe the grand taste in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth compartment. *An Ambuscade.*

Oι δέ οὐτε δὴ ποιῶν, &c.] Being arrived at the river where they design'd their ambush (the place where the cattel were water'd) they dispos'd themselves along the bank, cover'd with their Arms: Two Spies lay at a distance from them observing when the oxen and sheep should come to drink. They came immediately, followed by two shepherds, who were playing on their pipes, without any apprehension of their danger.

This quiet picture is a kind of *repose* between the last, and the following, active pieces. Here is a scene of a river and trees, under which lye the Soldiers, next the eye of the spectator; on the farther bank are placed the two Spies on one hand, and the flocks and shepherds appear coming at a greater distance on the other.

Sixth compartment. *The Battel.*

Oι μὲν τὰ μεσσόδοτες, &c.] The people of the town

wild upon them, carried off the oxen and sheep, and kill'd the Shepherds. The besiegers sitting before the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their Horses, arriv'd at the bank of the river; where they stopp'd, and encounter'd each other with their spears. Discord, tumult, and Fate raged in the midst of them. There might you see cruel Destiny dragging a dead Soldier thro' the Battal; two others she seiz'd alive; one of which was mortally wounded, the other not yet hurt: the garment on her shoulders was stain'd with human blood: The figures appear'd as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragg'd off their dead.

The sheep and two shepherds lying dead upon the pre-ground. A Battel-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the *Parca* or *Destiny* is the principal. This had been a noble occasion for such a painter as *Rubens*, who has with most happiness and learning, imitated the Ancients in these fictitious and symbolical persons.

Seventh compartment. Tillage.

[Ex d^r. ēridēs vīōr pādākūr.] The next piece represented a large field, a deep and fruitful soil, which seem'd to have been three times plow'd; the labourers ceas'd turning their plows on every side. As soon they came to a land's end, a man presented them bowl of wine; cheared with this, they turn'd, and struck down a new furrow, desirous to hasten to the next land's end. The field was of gold, but look'd black behind the plows, as if it had really been turn'd; the surprizing effect of the art of Vulcan.

The plowmen must be represented on the foreground, in the action of turning at the end of the row. The invention of *Homer* is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them

68 OBSERVATIONS on

them prodigiously with some remarkable circumstance: The giving a cup of wine to the plowman must occasion a fine expression in the faces.

Eighth compartment. *The harvest.*

Ἐν δὲ ἔτιδι τίπησος, &c.] Next he representeth a field of corn, in which the reapers worked with sharp sickles in their hands; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows: Three binders were employed in making up the sheaves: The boys attending them, gather'd up the loose swarths, and carried them in their arms to be bound: The Lord of the field standing in the midst of the heaps, with a scepter in his hand, rejoices in silence: His Officers, at a distance, prepare a feast under the shade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be sacrificed; while the women mix the flower of wheat for the reaper's supper.

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the spectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The master of the field, who is the chief figure, may be set in the middle of the picture with a strong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with his scepter: The oak, with the servants under it, the sacrifice, &c. on a distant ground, would altogether make a beautiful groupe of great variety.

Ninth compartment. *The vintage.*

Ἐν δὲ ἔτιδι σαφυλῆσι, &c.] He then engraves a vineyard loaden with its grapes: The vineyard was gold, but the grapes black, and the props of them silver. A trench of a dark metal, and a palisade of iron encompass'd the whole vineyard. There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vineyard pass'd: Young men and maid's carried the fruit in

ven baskets : In the middle of them a youeb play'd on the lyre and charmed them with his tender vooe , as he sung to the strings (or as he sung the song of Linus :) The rest striking the ground with their feet in exact time , follow'd him in a dance , and accompa-nied his voice with their own .

The vintage scarce needs to be painted in any co-lours but Homer's . The youths and maids toward the eye , as coming out of the vineyard : The enclo-sures , pales , gate , &c. on the fore-ground . There is something inexpressibly riant in this piece , above all the rest .

Tenth compartment. *Animals.*

Ἐν δὲ ἀγέλης ποντεῖ βοῶν, &c.] He graved a herd of oxen , marching with their heads erected ; these oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) seem'd to bellow as they quitted their stall , and run in haste to the meadows , brough which a rapid river roll'd with resounding treams amongst the rushes : Four herdsmen of gold at-tended them , follow'd by nine large dogs : Two terri-ble Lions seized a bull by the throat , who roar'd as they dragg'd him along ; the dogs and the herdsmen ran to his rescue , but the Lions having torn the bull , devour'd his entrails , and drank his blood , the herdsmen came up with their dogs and hearten'd them in vain ; they durst not attack the Lions , but standing at some distance , barked at them and shunn'd them .

We have next a fine piece of animals , tame and savage : But what is remarkable , is , that these ani-mals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon : The Herds , Dogs , and Lions are put into action , enough to exercise the warmth and spirit of Rubens , or the great taste of Julio Romano .

The Lions may be next the eye , one holding the bull by the throat , the other tearing out his entrails :

A herdsman or two heartening the dogs: All these on the fore-ground. On the second ground another grouppe of oxen, that seem to have been gone before, tossing their heads and running; other herd-men and dogs after 'em: And beyond them, a prospect of the river.

Eleventh compartment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δὲ νοῦσος, &c.] The divine Artist then engrav'd a large flock of white sheep, feeding along a beautiful vally. Innumerable folds, cottages, and enclos'd stables, were scatter'd thro' the prospect.

This is an entire landscape without human figures, an image of nature solitary and undisturb'd. The deepest repose and tranquillity is that which distinguishes it from the others.

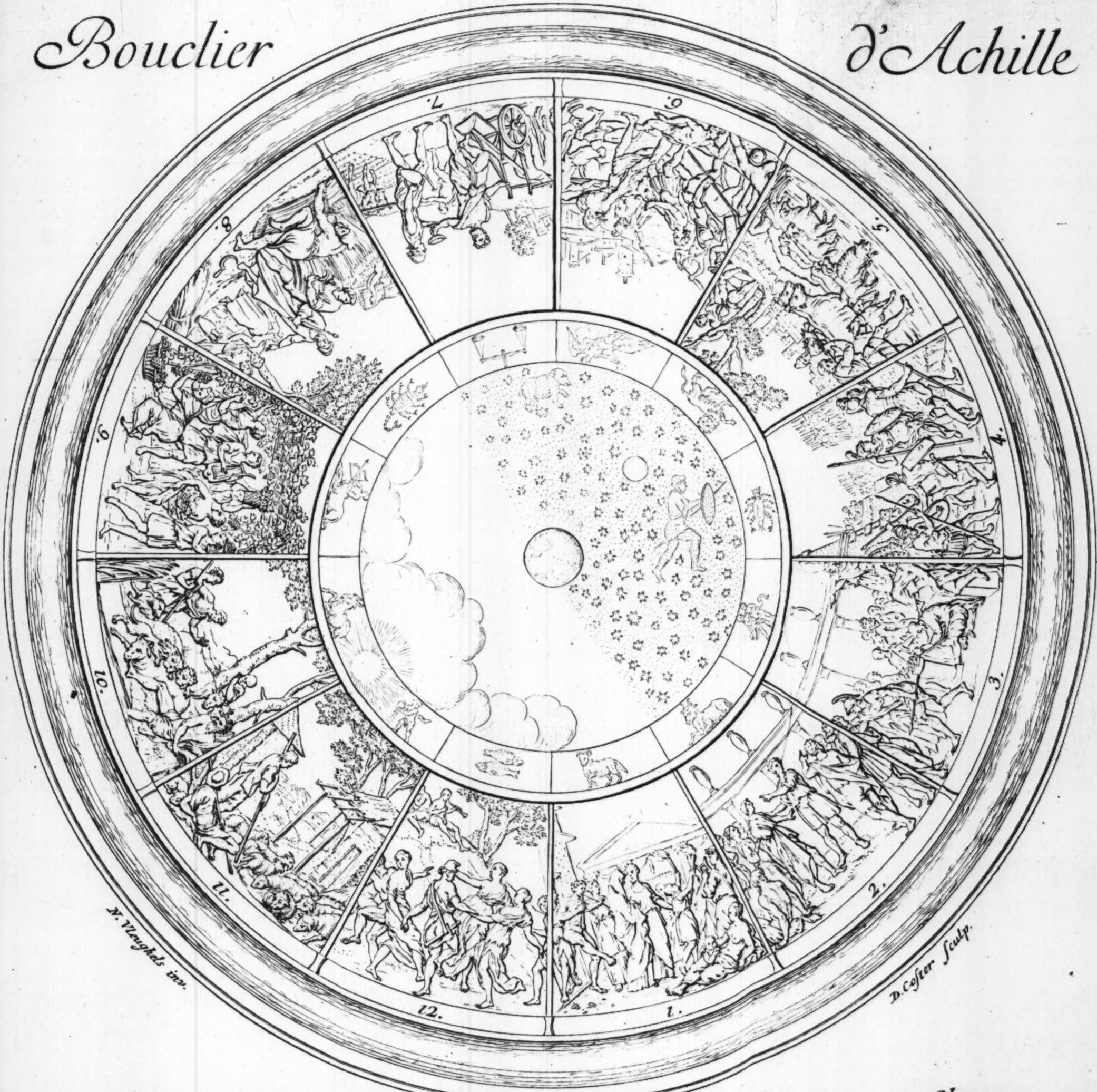
Twelfth compartment. *The dance.*

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν, &c. The skilful Vulcan then designd the figure and various motions of a dance, like that which Dædalus of old contriv'd in Gnoſſus for the fair Ariadne. There the young men and maidens danced hand in hand; the maids were dress'd in linen garments, the men in rich and shining stuff's: The maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the men had swords of gold hanging from their sides in belts of silver. Here they seem'd to run in a ring with active feet, as swiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by the hand of the potter. There, they appear'd to move in many figures, and sometimes to meet, sometimes to withdraw from each other. A multitude of spectators stood round, delighted with the dance. In the middle, two nimble tumblers exercised themselves in feats of agility, while the song was carried on by the whole company.

This picture includes the greatest number of persons:

Bouclier

d'Achille



Observat. B. 18. p. 70.

sions: *Homer* himself has group'd them, and marked the manner of the composition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: On which account the subject might be fit for *Guido*, or perhaps cou'd be no where better executed than in our own country.

The BORDER of the SHIELD.

[*Ἐν δὲ τίθεται πολαύον, εἰτ.] Then lastly,* he represented the rapid course of the great Ocean, which he made to roll its waves round the extremity of the whole circumference.

This (as has been said before) was only the frame to the whole shield; and is therefore but slightly touch'd upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this essay, without vindicating myself from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love so much better than I understand: But I have been very careful to consult both the best performers, and judges, in painting. I can't neglect this occasion of saying, how happy I think myself in the favous of the most distinguish'd masters of that art. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my sentiments on this subject: And I can't help wishing, that he who gives this testimony to *Homer*, would enoble so great a design by his own execution of it. *Vulcan* never wrought for *Thetis* with more readiness and affection, than Sir *Godfrey* has done for me: And so admirable a picture of the whole universe could not be a more agreeable present, than he has oblig'd me with, in the portraits of some of those persons, who are to me the dearest objects in it.



OBSERVATIONS ON THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 13. **B**ehold what Arms, &c.] 'Tis not Poetry only which has had this idea, of giving divine arms to a Hero; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy Books. In the second of *Maccabees*, chap. 16. *Judas* sees in a dream the Prophet *Jeremiah* bringing to him a sword as from God. Tho' this was only a dream, or a vision, yet still it is the same idea. This example is likewise so much the more worthy of observation, at it is much later than the age of *Homer*; and as thereby it is seen, that the same way of thinking continued a long time amongst the oriental nations. *Dacier*.

II.

VERSE 30. Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?] The care which *Achilles* takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of *Patroclus*, seems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a Hero. But that office was regarded by *Homer*, and by all the *Greeks* of his time, as a pious duty consecrated by custom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceas'd to watch his corps, and prevent any corruption before the solemn day of his funerals. It is plain this devoir was thought an indispensable one, since *Achil-*

could not discharge himself of it but by imposing upon his mother. It is also clear, that in those times the preservation of a dead body was accounted very important matter, since the Goddesses themselves, nay the most delicate of the Goddesses, made the subject of their utmost attention. As *Thetis* reserves the body of *Patroclus*, and chases from it those insects that breed in the wounds and cause putrefaction, so *Venus* is employ'd day and night about that of *Hector*, in driving away the dogs to which *Achilles* had expos'd it. *Apollo*, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preserves its freshness amidst the greatest heats of the Sun: And this care of the Deities over the dead was look'd upon by men as a fruit of their piety.

There is an excellent remark upon this passage in *Bossu's* admirable treatise of the Epic Poem, lib. 3. 10. „ To speak (says this Author) of the arts and sciences as a Poet ought, we should veil them under names and actions of persons fictitious and allegorical. *Homer* will not plainly say that salt has the virtue to preserve dead bodies, and prevent the flies from engendering worms in them; he will not say, that the sea presented *Achilles* a remedy to preserve *Patroclus* from putrefaction; but he will make the Sea a Goddess, and tell us, that *Thetis* to comfort *Achilles*, engaged to perfume the body with an Ambrosia which shou'd keep it a whole year from corruption: It is thus *Homer* teaches the Poets to speak of arts and sciences. This example shews the nature of the things, that flies cause putrefaction, that salt preserves bodies from it, but all this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the sea is made a person who speaks and acts, and this *Protopopœia* is accompanied with passion, tenderness and affection; in a word, there is nothing

, which is not (according to Aristotle's precept), endued with manners.

III.

VERSE 61. Preventing Dian had dispatch'd
 dart,
 And shot the shining mischief to the heart.]

Achilles wishes *Erieseis* had died before she had occasion'd so grear calamities to his Countreymen: I will not say, to excuse him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wish is not so very barbarous as it may seem by the phrase to a modern Reader. It is not, that *Diana* had actually kill'd her, as by a particular stroke or judgment from heaven; it means no more than a natural death, as appears from this passage in *Odyss. 15.*

*When age & sickness have unnerw'd the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along,
They bend the silver bows for sudden ill,
And every shining arrow flies to kill.*

And he does not wish her death now, after she has been his mistress, but only that she had died, before he knew, or lov'd her.

IV.

VERSE 93. *She, Jove's dread Daughter.]* This speech of *Agamemnon*, consisting of little else than the long story of *Jupiter's* casting *Discord* out of heaven, seems odd enough at first sight; and does not indeed answer what I believe every Reader expects, at the conference of these two Princes. Without excusing it from the justness, and proper application of the allegory in the present case, I think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of

Agamemnon

Agamemnon, which is a mixture of haughtiness andunning. He cannot prevail with himself any way to lessen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous : Something he is oblig'd to say in publick, and not brooking directly to own himself in the wrong, he flurs it over with this tale. With what stateliness is it that he yields ?
I was misled (says he) but I was misled like *Jupiter*. We invest you with our powers, take our Troops and our treasures : Our royal promise shall be fulfill'd, but be you pacified.

V.

VERSE 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals —]*

It appears from hence, that the Ancients own'd a Demon, created by God himself, and totally taken up in doing mischief.

This fiction is very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the *Pagans* knew that a Daemon of discord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy History. St. *Justin* will have it, that *Homer* attain'd to the knowledge thereof in *Egypt*, and that he had ev'n read what *Isaiah* writes, chap. 14.
How art thou fal'n from heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations? But our Poet could not have seen the Prophecy of *Isaiah*, because he liv'd 100, or 150 years before that Prophet ; and this anteriority of time makes this passage the more observable. *Homer* therein bears authentick witness to the truth of the story, of an Angel thrown from heaven, and gives this testimony above an 100 years before one of the greatest Prophets spoke of it. *Daniel.*

VI.

VI.

VERSE 145. *To keep or send the presents, be in care.] Achilles neither refuses nor demands Agamemnon's presents: The first would be too contemptuous and the other look too selfish. It wou'd seem as if Achilles fought only for pay like a Mercenary, which wou'd be utterly unbecoming a Hero, and dishonorable to that Character: Homer is wonderful as to the manners. Spond. Dacier.*

VII.

VERSE 159. *Strength is deriv'd from spirits, &c.] This advice of Ulysses that the troops shou'd refresh themselves with eating and drinking, was extremely necessary, after a battel of so long continuance as that of the day before: And Achilles's desire that they shou'd charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the necessity of that refreshment, was also highly natural to his violent character. This forces Ulysses to repeat that advice, and insist upon it so much: Which these Criticks did not see into, who thro' a false delicacy are shock'd at his insisting so warmly on eating and drinking. Indeed to a common Reader who is more fond of heroick and romantick, than of just and natural images, this at first sight may have an air of ridicule; but I'll venture to say there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itself, nor mean and low in Homer's manner of expressing it: And I believe the same of this translation, tho' I have not soften'd or abated of the idea they are so offend-ed with.*

VIII.

VERSE 197. *The stern Æacides replies.] The Greek verse is*

Tὸν δὲ ἀπαμειβόμενος προτίφη πόδας ὥκυς Ἀχιλλεὺς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the Iliad. It is a very just remark of a French Critick,

that

that what makes it so much taken notice of, is the rumbling sound and length of the word ἀναμισόμενος: This is so true: that if in a Poem or romance of the same length as the Iliad, we should repeat the Hero answer'd, full as often, we should never be sensible of that repetition. And if we are not shock'd at the like frequency of those expressions in the Æneid, *sic ore refert, talia voce refert, talia dicta dabat, vix ea fatus erat*, &c. it is only because the sound of the Latin words does not fill the ear like that of the Greek ἀναμισόμενος.

The discourse of the same Critick upon these sort of repetitions in general, deserves to be transcribed. That uselesſ nicety (says he) of avoiding every repetition which the delicacy of later times has introduced, was not known to the first ages of antiquity: The Books of *Moses* abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent use in the most ancient of all the Poets, we should look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he liv'd: They spoke so in his time, and to have spoken otherwise had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itself so contrary to the true sublime, as that painful and frivolous exactness, with which we avoid to make use of a proper word because it was us'd before. It is certain that the *Romans* were less scrupulous as to this point: You have often in a single page of *Tully*, the same word five or six times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceiv'd how an Author who so little wanted variety of expressions as *Homer*, could be so very negligent herein? On the contrary, he seems to have affected to repeat the same things in the same words, on many occasions.

It was from two principles equally true, that among several people, and in several ages, two practices entirely different took their rise: *Moses*, *Ho-*

mer, and the writers of the first times, had found that repetitions of the same words recall'd the ideas of things, imprinted them much more strongly, and render'd the discourse more intelligible. Upon this principle, the custom of repeating words, phrases and even entire speeches, insensibly establish'd itself both in prose and in poetry, especially in narrations.

The writers who succeeded them observ'd, even from *Homer* himself, that the greatest beauty of style consisted in variety. This they made their principle. They therefore avoided repetitions of words, and still more of whole sentences; they endeavour'd to vary their transitions; and found out new turns and manners of expressing the same things.

Either of these practices is good, but the excess of either vicious: We should neither on the one hand, thro' a love of simplicity and clearness, continually repeat the same words, phrases, or discourses; nor on the other, for the pleasure of variety, fall into a childish affectation of expressing every thing twenty different ways, tho' it be never so natural and common.

Nothing so much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of Poetry, as that perpetual care to vary incessantly even in the smallest circumstances. In this, as in many other points, *Homer* has despis'd the ungrateful labour of too scrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great Painter, who does not think himself oblig'd to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of 'em shall have the least resemblance to another: If the principal figures are entirely different, we easily excuse a resemblance in the landscapes, the skies, or the draperies. Suppose a gallery full of pictures, each of which represents a particular subject: In one I see *Achilles* in fury, menacing *Agamemnon*; in another the same Hero with regret delivers up *Briseis* to the Heralds; in a third 'tis still

Achilles,

hilles, but *Achilles* overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the gesture, the countenance, the character of *Achilles*, are the same in each of these three pieces; if the ground of one of these be the same with that of the others in the composition and general design, whether it be landscape, or Architecture; then indeed one should have reason to blame the Painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there be no sameness in the folds of a few draperies, in the structure of some part of a building, or in the figure of some tree, mountain, or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: *Homer* repeats, but they are not the great strokes which he repeats, not those which strike and fix our attention: They are only the little parts, the transitions, the general circumstances, or familiar images, which occur naturally, and upon which the Reader but casts his eye carelessly: Such as the descriptions of sacrifices, repasts, or embarquements; such in short, as are in their own nature much the same, which it is sufficient just to shew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments.

IX.

VERSE 209. *Pale lies my friend, &c.*] It is in the Greek, *lies extended in my tent with his face turned towards the door*, ἀνὴρ πρόθυρον τελπαυτέος, that is to say, as the Scholiast has explain'd it, *having his head turned towards the door*. For it was thus the Greeks placed their dead in the porches of their houses; as likewise in *Italy*.

In portam rigidos calces extendit. Persius.

---- Recepitque ad limina gressum
Corpus ubi exanimi positum pallantis Acetes
Servabat senior ----

Thus we are told by *Suetonius*, of the body of *Augustus*,

80 OBSERVATIONS on
gustus ---- Equester ordo suscepit, subique im-
atque in vestibulo domus collocavit.

X.

VERSE 221. *Tho' vast the heaps, &c.*] Ulysses' expression in the original is very remarkable; he calls *τάπανν*, straw or chaff, such as are kill'd in battel; and he calls *ἄρντον*, the crop, such as make their escape. This is very conformable to the language of holy Scripture, wherein those who perish are called chaff, and those who are saved are called corn. *Dacier.*

XI.

VERSE 237. ---- *None shall dare.
Expect a second summons to the War.*]

This is very artful; Ulysses, to prevail upon Achilles to let the troops take repast, and yet in some sort second his impatience, gives with the same breath orders for battel, by commanding the troops to march and expect no farther orders. Thus tho' the troops go to take repast, it looks as if they do not lose moment's time, but are going to put themselves in array of battel. *Dacier.*

XII.

VERSE 280. *Rolls the victim...into the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed in confirmation of oaths; such were victims of malediction. *Eustathius.*

XIII.

VERSE 281. *Hear ye Greeks, &c.*] Achilles, to let them see that he is entirely appeas'd, justifies Agamemnon himself (and enters into the reasons with which that Prince had colour'd his fault. But in that justification he perfectly well preserves his character, and illustrates the advantage he has over that King who offended him. *Dacier.*

XIV.

VERSE 303, &c. *The lamentation of Briseis over Patroclus.*] This speech (says *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*) is not without its artifice: While *Briseis* seems only to be deplored *Patroclus*, she represents to *Achilles* who stands by, the breach of the promises he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in resigning her up to *Agamemnon*. He adds, that *Achilles* hereupon acknowledges the justice of her complaint, and makes answer that his promises should be performed: it was a slip in that great Critick's memory, for the verse he cites is not in this part of the Author. [*Πτεριζηματισμένων*, Part. 2.]

XV.

VERSE 315. *Achilles' care you promis'd, &c.*] In these days when our manners are so different from those of the Ancients, and we see none of those dismal catastrophes which laid whole Kingdoms waste and subjected Princesses and Queens to the power of the Conqueror; it will perhaps seem astonishing, that a Princess of *Briseis*'s birth, the very day that her father, brothers, and husband were kill'd by *Achilles*, should suffer her self to be comforted and even flattered with the hopes of becoming the spouse of the murderer. But such were the manners of those times, as ancient History testifies; and a Poet represents them as they were: But if there was a necessity for justifying them, it might be said that slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a Princess like *Briseis* was pardonable, to chuse rather to become *Achilles*'s wife than his slave. *Dacier.*

XVI.

VERSE 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes but their own.*] Homer adds this touch, to heighten the character of *Irisseis*, and to shew the difference there was between her and the other captives. *Briseis*, as

82 OBSERVATIONS on

a well-born Princess, really bewail'd *Patroclus* out of *gratitude*; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of *interest*. *Dacier.*

XVII.

VERSE 335. *Thou too Patroclus, &c.*] This lamentation is finely introduced: While the Generals are persuading him to take some refreshment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of *Patroclus*, who had so often brought him food every morning before they went to battel: This is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the subject of his discourse from the things present themselves. *Spondanus.*

XVIII.

VERSE 351. *I hop'd, Patroclus might survive,* &c.] *Patroclus* was young, and *Achilles* who had but a short time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend wou'd be as a father to his son, and put him into the possession of his Kingdom: *Neoptolemus* wou'd in *Patroclus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles*; whereas when *Patroclus* was dead, he must be an Orphan indeed. *Homer* is particularly admirable for the sentiments, and always follows nature. *Dacier.*

XIX.

VERSE 384. *So helms succeding helms, so shields from shields*
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields. [

It is probable the Reader may think the words, *shining*, *splendid*, and others deriv'd from the lustre of arms, too frequent in these books. My Author is to answer for it; but it may be alledg'd in his excuse, that when it was the custom for every Soldier to serve in armour, and when those Arms were of brass, before the use of iron became common,

these images of lustre were less avoidable, and more necessarily frequent in descriptions of this nature.

XX.

VERSE 398. Achilles *arming himself*, &c.] There is a wonderful pomp in this description of *Achilles's arming himself*; every Reader without being pointed to it, will see the extreme grandeur of all these images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble scale they rise one above another, and how the Hero is set still in a stronger point of light than before; till he is at last in a manner cover'd over with glories: He is at first likened to the moonlight, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and lastly to the Sun it self.

XXI.

VERSE 450. *When (strange to tell! so Juno will'd) he broke Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.]*

It is remark'd, in excuse of this extravagant fiction of a Horse speaking, that *Homer* was authorized herein by fable, tradition, and history. *Livy* makes mention of two oxen that spoke on different occasions, and recites the speech of one, which was, *Roma cave tibi*. *Pliny* tells us, these animals were particularly gifted this way, l. 8. c. 45. *Est frequens in prodigiis prisorum, bovem locutum.* Besides, *Homer* had prepar'd us for expecting something miraculous from these Horses of *Achilles*, by representing them to be immortal. We have seen 'em already sensible, and weeping at the death of *Patroclos*: And we must add to all this, that a Goddess is concern'd in working this wonder: It is *Juno* that does it. *Oppian* alludes to this in a beautiful passage of his first book: Not having the original by me, I shall

buote (what I believe is no less beautiful) Mr. F^reson's translation of it.

*Of all the prone creation, none display
A friendlier sense of man's superior sway :
Some in the silent pomp of grief complain,
For the brave chief, by doom of battel slain :
And when young Peleus in his rapid car
Rush'd on, to rouze the thunder of the war,
With human voice inspir'd, his steed deplor'd
The fate impending dreadful o'er his Lord.*

Cyne. lib. 1.

Spondanus and Dacier fail not to bring up Balaam as on this occasion. But methinks the commentators are at too much pains to discharge the Poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind: I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile such fictions to probability. Would not one general answer do better, to say once for all, that the above-mentioned Authors liv'd in the age of wonders: The taste of the world has been generally turn'd to the miraculous; wonders were what the people would have, and what not only the Poets but the Priests, gave 'em.

XXII.

VERSE 464. Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furyest's
His fate-ful voice —

The Poet had offended against probability if he has made Juno take away the voice; for Juno (which signifies the air) is the cause of the voice. Besides the Poet was willing to intimate that the privation of the voice is a thing so dismal and melancholy that none but the Furies can take upon them so cruel an employment. Eustathius.



OBSERVATIONS ON THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives command,*
[&c.] The Poet is now to bring his Hero again
to action, and he introduces him with the utmost
 pomp and grandeur: The Gods are assembled only
on this account and *Jupiter* permits several Dei-
ties to join with the *Trojans*, and hinder *Achilles* from
over-ruling Destiny itself.

The circumstance of sending *Themis* to assemble
the Gods is very beautiful; she is the Goddess of
justice; the *Trojans* by the rape of *Helen*, and by re-
peated perjuries having broken her laws, she is the
properest messenger to summon a synod to bring them
to punishment. *Eustathius*.

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this.
Themis or *justice* (says he) is made to assemble the
Gods round *Jupiter*, because it is from him that all
the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive
their orders; and *Jupiter* sends them to the relief
of both parties, to shew that nothing falls out but
by his permission, and that neither Angels, nor Men,
nor the elements, act but according to the power
which is given them.

II.

VERSE 15. *All but old Ocean.*] *Eustathius* gives
two reasons why *Oceanus* was absent from this as-
sembly: The one is because he is fabled to be the

86 OBSERVATIONS on

original of all the Gods, and it would have been a peice of indecency for him to see the Deities, who were all his descendants, war upon one another by joining adverse parties. The other reason he draws from the allegory of *Oceanus*, which signifies the element of water, and consequently the whole element could not ascend into the æther; but whereas *Neptune*, the rivers, and the fountains are said to have been present, this is no way impossible, if we consider it in an allegorical sense, which implies, that the rivers, seas, and fountains supply the air with vapours, and by that means ascend into the æther.

III.

VERSE 35. *Cœlestial Pow'rs descend,
And as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host —]*

Eustathius informs us, that the Ancients were very much divided upon this passage of *Homer*. Some have criticised it, and others have answer'd their criticism; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without transmitting the answer to us. Those who condemned *Homer*, said *Jupiter* was for the *Trojans*; he saw the *Greeks* were the strongest, so permitted the Gods to declare themselves and go to the battel. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks* being stronger than those who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will still have the same advantage. I do not know what answer the partisans of *Homer* made, but for my part, I think this objection is more ingenious than solid. *Jupiter* does not pretend that the *Trojans* should be stronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a mind that the decree of Destiny should be executed. Destiny had refused to *Achil-*

les the glory of taking *Troy*, but if *Achilles* fights singly against the *Trojans*, he is capable of forcing Destiny; (as *Homer* has already elsewhere said, that there had been brave men who had done so) whereas if the Gods took part, tho' those who followed the *Grecians* were stronger than those who were for the *Trojans*, the latter wou'd however be strong enough to support Destiny, and to hinder *Achilles* from making himself master of *Troy*: This was *Jupiter's* sole view. Thus is this passage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

IV.

VERSE 41. ---- Or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, tho' Fate forbid the fall.]

Mons. *de la Motte* criticizes on this passage, as thinking it absurd and contradictory to *Homer's* own system, to imagine, that what Fate had ordained should not come to pass. *Jupiter* here seems to fear that *Troy* will be taken this very day in spite of Destiny, *in die misera*. M. *Boivin* answers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient Pagan Theology and their doctrine concerning fate. It is certain, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, that what Destiny had decreed did not constantly happen in the precise time mark'd by Destiny, the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be hastened: For example, that of the death of *Dido* was advanced by the blow she gave herself; her hour was not than come.

— Nec fato, — merita nec morte peribat,
Sed misera ante diem ——

Every violent death was accounted *ὑπὸ μόρον*, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the same thing) against the natural order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the *Romans* express'd it. And the same might be said of any misfortunes which men drew upon themselves by their own ill conduct. (See the 37th Note on lib. 16.) In a word, it must be allowed that it was not easy, in the pagan religion, to form the justest ideas upon a doctrine so difficult to be clear'd; and upon which it is no great wonder if a Poet should not always be perfectly consistent with himself, when it has puzzel'd such a number of Divines and Philosophers.

V.

VERSE 44. On adverse parts the warring Gods
engage,
Heav'ns awful Queen, &c.]

Eustathius has a very curious remark upon this division of the Gods in *Homer*, which M. *Dacier* has entirely borrowed (as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledg'd less, than he has every where done from *Eustathius*.) This division, says he, is not made at random, but founded upon very solid reasons, drawn from the nature of those two nations. He places on the side of the *Greeks* all the Gods who preside over arts and sciences, to signify how much in that respect the *Greeks* excell'd all other nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are for the *Greeks*; *Juno*, not only as the Goddess who presides over marriage, and who is concern'd to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewise as the Goddess who represents Monarchical Government, which was better establish'd in *Greece* than any where else; *Pallas*, be-

cause

wife being the Goddess of War and wisdom, she
ought to assist those who are wrong'd; besides the
Greeks understood the art of War better than the *Bar-
barians*; *Neptune*, because he was an enemy to the
Trojans upon account of *Laomedon's* perfidiousness,
and because most of the *Greeks* being come from
islands or peninsula's they were in some sort his sub-
jects; *Mercury*, because he is a God who presides
over stratagems of War, and because *Troy* was taken
by that of the wooden horse; and lastly *Vulcan*, as
the declared enemy of *Mars* and of all adulterers,
and as the father of arts.

V I.

VERSE 52. *Mars, fiery-helm'd, the laughter loving
Dame.]* The reasons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for
the *Trojans* are very obvious; the point in hand was
to favour ravishers and debauchees. But the same
reason, you will say, does not serve for *Apollo*,
Diana and *Latona*. It is urg'd that *Apollo* is for
the *Trojans*, because of the darts and arrows which
were the principal strength of the *Barbarians*; and
Diana, because she presided over dancing, and those
Barbarians were great dancers; and *Latona*, as influenc'd
by her children. *Xanthus* being a *Trojan*
river is interested for his Country. *Eustathius*.

VII.

VERSE 75. *Above the Sire of Gods, &c.]* „ The
„ images (says *Longinus*) which *Homer* gives of the
„ combat of the Gods, have in 'em someting prodi-
„ giously great and magnificent. We see in these ver-
„ ses, the earth open'd to its very center, hell rea-
„ dy to disclose itself, the wole machine of the world
„ upon the point to be destroyed and overturn'd:
„ To shew that in such a conflict, heaven and hell,
„ all things mortal and immortal, the whole crea-
„ tion in short was engag'd in this battel, and all the
„ extent of nature in danger.

90 . OBSERVATIONS on

*Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra debiscens
Infernus referet sedes & regna recludat
Pallida, Diis invisa, superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidantque immisso lumine manes.*

Virg

Madam *Dacier* rightly observes that this copy is inferior to the original on this account, that *Virg* has made a comparison of that which *Homer* made an action. This occasions an infinite difference, which is easy to be perceiv'd.

One may compare with this noble passage of *Homer*, the battel of the Gods and giants in *Hesiod's Theogony*, which is one of the sublimest parts of that Author; and *Milton's* battel of the *Angels* in the fifth book: The elevation, and enthusiasm of our great Countryman seems owing to this original.

VIII.

VERSE 91. *First silver shafted Phoebus took the plain, &c.]* With what art does the Poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* opposes *Apollo*, which implies that things moist and dry are in continual discord: *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: *Juno* is against *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state, than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory conceal'd under the veil of excellent Poetry, and the Reader receives a double satisfaction at the same time from beautiful verses, and an instructive moral. *Euphthius.*

IX.

VERSE 119. *Already have I met, &c.]* *Euphthius* remarks that the Poet lets no opportunity pass of inserting into his Poem the actions that preceded the

In the tenth year of the War, especially the actions of Achilles the Hero of it. In this place he brings in Æneas extolling the bravery of his enemy and confessing himself to have formerly been vanquish'd by him: At the same time he preserves a peice of ancient history by inserting into the Poem the Hero's conquest of *Pedasus* and *Lyrnessus*.

X.

VERSE 121. *From Ida's woods he chas'd us ---
But Jove assisting I surviv'd]*

It is remarkable that Æneas owed his safety to his flight from Achilles, but it may seem strange that Achilles who was so fam'd for his swiftness, should not be able to overtake him, even with Minerva for his guide. Eustathius answers, that this might proceed from the better knowledge Æneas might have of the ways and defiles: Achilles being a stranger, and Æneas having long kept his father's flocks in those parts.

He farther observes, that the word φάρος discovers that it was in the night that Achilles pursu'd Æneas.

XI.

VERSE 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound, &c.]* It may not be unnecessary to explain this passage to make it understood by the Reader: The Poet is very short in the description, as supposing the fact already known, and hastens to the combat between Achilles and Æneas. This is very judicious in Homer not to dwell on a piece of history that had no relation to his action, when he has rais'd the Reader's expectation by so pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themselves his spectators.

The story is as follows. Laomedon having defrauded

ed

ed *Neptune* of the reward he promis'd him for the building the walls of *Troy*, *Neptune* sent a monstrous whale, to which *Laomedon* expos'd his daughter *Hesione*: But *Hercules* having undertaken to destroy the monster, the *Trojans* rais'd an intrenchment to defend *Hercules* from his pursuit: This being a remarkable piece of conduct in the *Trojans*, it gave occasion to the Poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction by ascribing the work to *Pallas* the Goddess of wisdom. *Eustathius*

XII.

VERSE 180. *Here Neptune, and the Gods, &c.]*
I wonder why *Eustathius* and all other commentators should be silent upon this recess of the Gods: It seems strange at the first view, that so many Deities, after having enter'd the scene of action, should perform so short a part, and immediately become themselves spectators? I conceive the reason of this conduct in the Poet to be, that *Achilles* has been inactive during the greatest part of the Poem; and as he is the Hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: The Poet therefore withdraws the Gods from the field that *Achilles* may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in subordination to the Deities: Besides, the Poem now draws to a conclusion, and it is necessary for *Homer* to enlarge upon the exploits of *Achilles*, that he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the Reader.

XIII.

VERSE 214, &c. *The conversation of Achilles and Æneas.]* I shall lay before the Reader the words of *Eustathius* in defence of this passage, which I confess seems to me to be faulty in the Poet. The Reader (says he) would naturally expect some great and terrible achievements should ensue from *Achilles* on his first entrance upon action. The Poet seems to prepare us for it, by his magnificent introduction

of him into the field: But instead of a storm, we have a calm; he follows the same method in this book as he did in the third, where when both Armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a single combat between two Heroes: Thus he always agreeably surprizes his Readers. Besides the admirers of *Homer* reap a farther advantage from this conversation of the Heroes: There is a chain of ancient History as well as a series of poetical beauties.

Madam *Dacier's* excuse is very little better: And to shew that this is really a fault in the Poet, I believe I may appeal to the taste of every Reader who certainly finds himself disappointed: Our expectation is rais'd to see Gods and Heroes engage, when suddenly it all sinks into such a combat in which neither party receive a wound; and (what is more extraordinary) the Gods are made the spectators of so small an action! What occasion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and descending Deities, to introduce a matter of so little importance? Neither is it any excuse to say he has given us a peice of ancient history; we expected to read a Poet, not an Historian. In short, after the greatest preparation for action imaginable, he suspends the whole narration, and from the heat of a Poet, cools at once into the simplicity of an Historian.

XIV.

VERSE 258. *The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fount ful hill.*

Κτίσεις δὲ Δαρδανίνη, ἵπποι οὐ πτω Τίλιος ιεύ
Επικόδιοι πιτόλισθοι πέλις μερόπων Αιθράπαν
Αμ' οὐ παρεγίνεις φύνεος πολυπιδάκης Ιδας.

Plato

Plato and *Strabo* understand this passage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were first inhabited, after the universal deluge; and that mankind by degrees descended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the word *περάσσειν* signify), and only in greater process of time ventur'd into the valleys: *Virgil* however seems to have taken this word in a sense something different, where he alludes to this passage. *Aen.* 3. 109.

— *Nondum Ilium & arces
Pergamæ steterant, habitabant vallibus imis.*

X V.

VERSE 262. *Three thousand mares, &c.*] The number of the horses and mares of *Eriçthonius* may seem incredible, were we not assured by *Herodotus* that there were in the stud of *Cyrus* at one time (besides those for the service of war) eight hundred horses and six thousand six hundred mares. *Eustathius.*

X VI.

VERSE 264. *Boreas, enamour'd, &c.*] *Homer* has the happiness of making the least circumstance considerable; the subject grows under his hands, and the plainest matter shines in his dress of Poetry: Another Poet would have said these Horses were as swift as the wind, but *Homer* tells you that they sprung from *Boreas* the God of wind; and thence drew their swiftness.

X VII.

VERSE 270. *These lightly skimming, as they swept
the plain.*] The Poet illustrates the swiftness of these horses by describing them as running over the standing corn, and surface of waters, without making any impression. *Virgil* has imitated these lines, and adapts what *Homer* says of these Horses to the swiftness of *Camilla*. *Aen.* 7. 809.

*Illa vel intacta segetis per summa volaret
Gramina; nec teneras cursu laissset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec singeret aquore plantas.*

The Reader will easily perceive that *Virgil's* is almost a literal translation: He has imitated the very run of the verses, which flow nimbly away in dactyls, and as swift as the wind they describe.

I cannot but observe one thing in favour of *Homēr*, that there can no greater commendation be given to him, than by considering the conduct of *Virgil*: who, tho' undoubtedly the greatest Poet after him, seldom ventures to vary much from his original in the passages he takes from him, as in a despair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them.

XVIII.

VERSE 280. *To bear the cup of Jove.*] To be a cup-bearer has in all ages and nations been reckon'd an honourable employment: *Sappho* mentions it in honour of her brother *Labichus*, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of *Mitylene*: The Son of *Menelaus* executed the same office; *Hebe* and *Mercury* serv'd the Gods in the same station.

It was the custom in the pagan worship to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the sacrifice: In this office *Ganymede* might probably attend upon the altar of *Jupiter*, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. *Eustathius*.

XIX.

VERSE 339. *But Ocean's God, &c.*] The conduct of the Poet in making *Aeneas* owe his safety to *Neptune* in this place is remarkable: *Neptune* is an enemy to the *Trojans*, yet he dares not suffer so pious a man to fall, lest *Jupiter* should be offended:

This

96 OBSERVATIONS on

This shews, says *Eustathius*, that piety is always under the protection of God; and that favours are sometimes conferred not out of kindness, but to prevent a greater detriment; thus *Neptune* preserves *Aeneas*, lest *Jupiter* should revenge his death upon the Grecians.

XX.

VERSE 345. *And can ye see this righteous Chief,*
&c.] Tho' *Aeneas* is represented a man of great
courage, yet his piety is his most shining character:
This is the reason why he is always the care of the
Gods, and they favour him constantly thro' the whole
Poem with their immediate protection.

'Tis in this light that *Virgil* has presented him to the view of the Reader: His valour bears but the second place in the *Aeneis*. In the *Ilias* indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the *Aeneis* at full length; but there are the same features in the copy, which are in the original, and he is the same *Aeneas* in *Rome* as he was in *Troy*.

XXI.

VERSE 355. *On great Aeneas shall devolve the
reign,*
And Sons succeeding Sons the lasting line sustain.

The story of *Aeneas* his founding the *Roman* empire gave *Virgil* the finest occasion imaginable of paying a complement to *Augustus*, and his Countrymen, who were fond of being thought the descendants of *Troy*. He has translated these two lines literally, and put them in the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of *Aeneas*'s sailing into *Italy*, imagine *Homer's* to be.

— *Αἰνειο βίη Τρώων τὸν ἀνέξετον
καὶ παιδες παιδῶν τοῖνυν μελόποιος γένεσθαι.*

Hic

Hic domus Ænæe cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum & qui nascentur ab illis.

There has been a very ancient alteration made (as Tabo observes) in these two lines by substituting *illatos* in the room of *tegatos*. It is not improbable but Virgil might give occasion for it, by his *cunctis dominabitur oris*.

Eustathius does not entirely discountenance this story: If it be understood, says he, as a prophecy, the Poet might take it from the *Sybilline Oracles*. He farther remarks that the Poet artfully interweaves into his Poem not only the things which happen'd before the commencement, and in the prosecution of the *Trojan* war; but other matters of importance which happen'd even after that war was brought to conclusion. Thus for instance, we have here a piece of history not extant in any other Author, by which we are inform'd that the house of *Æneas* succeeded to the Crown of *Troas*, and to the Kingdom of *Priam*. *Eustathius*.

This passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the *Roman Empire*, and of the family of the *Cesars*, who both pretended to deduce their original from *Venus* by *Æneas*, alledging that after the taking of *Troy*, *Æneas* came into *Italy*, and this pretension is hereby actually destroy'd. This testimony of *Homer* ought to be look'd upon as an authentick act, the fidelity and verity whereof cannot be questioned. *Neptune*, as much an enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Æneas*, and after him his posterity, shall reign over the *Trojans*. Wou'd *Homer* have put this prophecy in *Neptune's* mouth, if he had not known that *Æneas* did not leave *Troy*, but that he reigned there; and if he had not seen in his time the descendants of that Prince reign there.

98 OBSERVATIONS on

likewise? That Poet wrote 260 years, or thereabouts, after the taking of *Troy*, and what is very remarkable he wrote in some of the towns of *Ionia*, that is to say, in the neighbourhood of *Phrygia*, so that the time and place give such a weight to his deposition that nothing can invalidate it. All the Historians have written concerning *Aeneas* voyage into *Italy*, ought to be consider'd as a Romance, made on purpose to destroy all historical truth, for the most ancient is posterior to *Homer* by some ages. Before *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, some writers being sensible of the strength of this passage of *Homer*, undertook to explain it so as to reconcile it with this fable, and they said that *Aeneas*, after having been in *Italy*, return'd to *Troy*, and left his Son *Ascanius* there. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* little satisfy'd with this solution, which did not seem to him to be probable, has taken another method. He would have it that by these words, „ he shall reign over the *Trojans*, *Homer* meant, he shall reign over the *Trojans* whom he shall carry with him into *Italy*. „ For is it not possible, says he, that *Aeneas* should reign over the *Trojans*, whom he had taken with him, though settled elsewhere?

That Historian, who wrote in *Rome* itself, and in the very reign of *Augustus*, was willing to make his court to that Prince, by explaining this passage of *Homer* so as to favour the chimæra he was posseſſ'd with. And this is a reproach that may with some justice be cast on him, for Poets may by their fictions flatter Princes and welcome; 'tis their trade. But for Historians to corrupt the gravity and severity of History, to substitute fable in the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardon'd. *Strabo* was much more scrupulous, for though he wrote his books of Geography towards the beginning of *Tiberius's* reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to

this

this passage of *Homer*, and to aver, that this Poet said and meant, that *Aeneas* remain'd at *Troy*, that he reign'd therein, *Priam's* whole race being extinguisht'd, and that he left the Kingdom to his children after him. *Lib. 13.* You may see this whole matter discuss'd in a letter from the famous M. *Eoschart* to M. *de Segrais*, who has prefix'd it to his remarks upon the translation of *Virgil*. *Dacier.*

XXII.

VERSE 378. *Where the slow Caucons close the rear.*] The *Caucones* (says *Eustathius*) were of *Paphlagonian* extract: And this perhaps was the reason why they are not distinctly mention'd in the Catalogue, they being included under the general name of *Paphlagonians*: Tho' two lines are quoted which are said to have been left out by some transcriber, and immediately followed this,

Καῦκαν τ' Αἰγαλόντες καὶ ὑψηλὰς Ἐρυθίγε.

Which verses are these,

Καῦκαν αὖτ' ἦγε πολυκλέος ψὸς Ἀμύνων.

Or as others read it, "Αμύνων.

Οἱ περὶ παρθένιον πολαῖσιν κλυτὰ δάματ' ἔμεσον.

Καὶ δάματ' ἔμεσον. Or according to others, !

Yet I believe these are not *Homer's* lines, but rather the addition of some transcriber; and tis evident by consulting the passage from which they are said to have been curtail'd, that they would be absurd in that place; for the second line is actually there already,

100 OBSERVATIONS on

and as these *Caucans* are said to live upon the bank of the *Parthenius*, so are the *Paphlagonians* in the above-mention'd passage. It is therefore more probable that the *Caucans* are included in the *Paphlagonians*.

XXIII.

VERSE 467. ---- *Not louder roars*

At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores, &c.]

In *Helice*, a town of *Achaia*, three quarters of a league from the gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent Temple, where the *Ionians* offer'd every year to him a sacrifice of a bull; and it was with these people an auspicious sign, and a certain mark, that the sacrifice would be accepted, if the Bull bellow'd as he was led to the altar. After the *Ionic* migration, which happen'd about 140 years after the taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Asia* assembled in the fields of *Priene* to celebrate the same festival in honour of *Heliconian Neptune*: and as those of *Priene* valued themselves upon being originally of *Helice*, they chose for the King of the sacrifice a young *Prieneian*. It is needless to dispute from whence the Poet has taken his comparison; for as he liv'd about 100, or 120 years after the *Ionic* migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the *Asian Ionia*, and at *Priene* itself; where he had probably often assisted at that sacrifice, and been witness of the ceremonies therein observed. This Poet always appears strongly addicted to the customs of the *Ionians*, which makes some conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himself. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

XXIV.

VERSE 471. *Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage.] Euripiades in his *Hecuba* has follow'd another*

dition when he makes *Polydorus* the Son of *Hecuba*, and slain by *Polymnestor* King of *Thrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for according to *Homer*, he is not the Son of *Hecuba*, but of *Laothoe*, as he says in the following book, and is slain by *Achilles*: *Virgil* too has rather chosen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

XX V.

VERSE 489. *Full in Achilles' dreadful front he*
me.] The great judgment of the Poet in keeping
the character of his Hero is in this place very evi-
ent: When Achilles was to engage Aeneas he holds
a long conference with him, and with patience bears
the reply of Aeneas: Had he purſu'd the same me-
thod with Hector, he had departed from his cha-
racter. Anger is the prevailing passion in Achilles:
he left the field in a rage against Agamemnon, and
after'd it again to be reveng'd of Hector: The Poet
therefore judiciously makes him take fire at the sight
of his enemy: He describes him as impatient to kill
him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that
challenge is comprehended in a single line: His im-
patience to be reveng'd, would not suffer him to
say it by a length of words.

XX VI.

VERSE 513. *But present to his aid Apollo.]* It is
common observation that a God should never be
introduced into a Poem but where his presence is
necessary. And it may be ask'd why the life of Hec-
tor is of such importance that Apollo should rescue
him from the hand of Achilles here, and yet suffer
him to fall so soon after? Eustathius answers, that
the Poet had not yet sufficiently exalted the valour
of Achilles, he takes time to enlarge upon his at-
tainments, and rises by degrees in his character,
till he completes both his courage and resentment at
the blow in the death of Hector. And the Poet,
adds

102 OBSERVATIONS on

adds he, pays a great complement to his favourit Countryman, by shewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have sav'd *Aeneas* and *Hector* from the hand of *Achilles*.

XXVII.

VERSE 541, --- *No pray'r, no moving art
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!*]

I confess it is a satisfaction to me, to observe with what art the Poet persues his subject: The opening of the Poem professes to treat of the anger of *Achilles*: that anger draws on all the great events of the story: And *Homer* at every opportunity awakens the Reader to an attention to it, by mentioning the effects of it: So that when we see in this place the Hero deaf to youth, and compassion, it is what we expect: mercy in him would offend, because it is contrary to his character. *Homer* proposes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the Poem which he design'd the Reader should draw from it, is, that we should avoid anger, since it is ever pernicious in the event.

XXVIII.

VERSE 580. *The trampling' steers beat out th' un-number'd grain.*] In *Greece*, instead of threshing the corn as we do, they caus'd it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewise practis'd in *Judea*, as is seen by the law of God, which forbade the Jews to muzzle the ox that trod out the corn, *Non ligatis os bovis terentis in area fruges tuas*. Deuteron. 25. *Dacier*.

The same practice is still preserved among the *Turks* and modern *Greeks*.

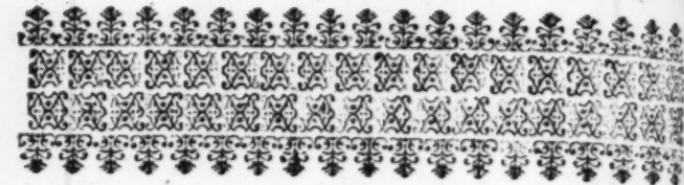
XXIX.

XXIX.

The Similes at the end.] It is usual with our Author to heap his similes very thick together at the conclusion of a book. He has done the same in the seventeenth: 'Tis the natural discharge of a vast imagination, heated in its progress, and giving itself vent in this crowd of images.

I cannot close the Notes upon this Book, without observing the dreadful idea of *Achilles*, which the Poet leaves upon the mind of the Reader. He drives his chariot over shields and mangled heaps of slain: The wheels, the axle-tree, and the horses are stain'd with blood, the Hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with slaughter. A Painter might form from this passage the picture of *Mars* in the fulness of his terrors, as well as *Phidias* is said to have drawn from another, that of *Jupiter* in all his majesty.





OBSERVATIONS ON THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

I.

THIS Book is entirely different from all the foregoing: Tho' it be a battel, it is entirely of a new and surprizing kind, diversify'd with a vast variety of imagery and description. The scene is totally chang'd, he paints the combat of his Hero with the Rivers, and describes a battel admitt an inundation. It is observable that tho' the whole war of the Iliad was upon the banks of these rivers, *Homer* has artfully left out the machinery of River-Gods in all the other battels, to aggrandize this of his Hero. There is no book of the Poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhausted invention of our Author is more powerfully exerted. After this description of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contrast in that of the drought: The part of *Achilles* is admirably sustain'd, and the new strokes which *Homer* gives to his picture are such as are deriv'd from the very source of his character, and finish the entire draught of this Hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this episode, may be reconcil'd to probability truth, and natural reason, will be consider'd in a distinct Note on that head: The Reader may find it on p. 447. II.

II.

VERSE 2. Xanthus, *immortal progeny of Jove.*] The River is here said to be the Son of *Jupiter*, on account of its being supply'd with waters that fall from *Jupiter*, that is, from heaven. *Eustathius.*

III.

VERSE 14. *As the scorch'd locusts, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that several countries have been much infested with armies of locusts; and that, to prevent their destroying the fruits of the earth, the Countrymen by kindling large fires drove them from their fields; the locusts to avoid the intense heat were forc'd to cast themselves into the water. From this observation the Poet draws his allusion, which is very much to the honour of *Achilles*, since it represents the *Trojans* with respect to him as no more than so many insects.

The same Commentator takes notice, that because the Island of *Cyprus* in particular was us'd to practise this method with the locusts, some Authors have conjectur'd that *Homer* was of that country; but if this were a sufficient reason for such a supposition, he might be said to be born in almost all the countries of the world, since he draws his observations from the customs of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of these locusts, mention'd among the plagues of *Ægypt*, without having recourse to an immediate creation, as some good men have imagin'd, whereas the miracle indeed consists in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the *Ægyptians*. I have often observ'd with pleasure the similitude which many of *Homer's* expressions bear with the holy Scriptures, and that the most ancient Heathen writer in the world often speaks in the idiom of *Moses*: Thus as the locusts in *Exodus* are said to be driven into the Seas, so in *Homer* they are forc'd into a river.

IV.

VERSE 30. *So the huge Dolphin, &c.*] It is observable with what justness the Author diversifies his comparisons, according to the different scenes and elements he is engag'd in: *Achilles* has been hitherto on the land, and compar'd to land animals, a Lyon, &c. Now he is in the water, the Poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a Dolphin. *Eustathius.*

V.

VERSE 34. *Now tir'd with slaughter.*] This is admirably well suited to the character of *Achilles*, his rage bears him headlong on the enemy; he kills all that oppose him, and stops not till Nature itself could not keep pace with his anger: he had determin'd to reserve twelve noble Youths to sacrifice them to the *Manes of Patroclus*, but his resentment gives him no time to think of them, till the hurry of his passion abates, and he is tir'd with slaughter. Without this circumstance, I think an objection might naturally be rais'd, that in the time of a pursuit *Achilles* gave the enemy too much leisure to escape, while he busy'd himself with tying these prisoners: Tho' it is not absolutely necessary to suppose he tyed them with his own hands.

VI.

VERSE 35. *Twelve chosen Youths.*] This piece of cruelty in *Achilles* has appear'd shocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excus'd by considering the ferocious and vindictive spirit of this Hero. 'Tis however certain that the cruelties exercis'd on enemies in war were authoriz'd by the military laws of those times; nay religion itself became a sanction to them. It is not only the fierce *Achilles*, but the pious and religious *Aeneas*, whose very Character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battel, to

sacrifice them to the *Manes* of his favourite Hero.
Aen. 10. §. 517.

----- *Sulmone creatos*

*Quattuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens
 Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,
 Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flamas.*

And *Aen.* 11. §. 81.

*Vinxerat & post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris,
 Inferias, caso sparsuros sanguineflammam.*

And (what is very particular) the *Latin* Poet expresses no disapprobation of the action, which the *Grecian* does in plain terms, speaking of this in *Iliad* 23. §. 176.

----- *Kanà ðè φεστὶ μῆδοι τείχεα.*

VII.

VERSE 41. *The young Lycaon, &c.] Homer* has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving such incidents as set the characteristick qualities of his Heroes in the highest point of light. There is hardly any in the whole *Iliad* more proper to move pity than this circumstance of *Lycaon*, or to raise terror, than this view of *Achilles*. It is also the finest picture of them both imaginable: We see the different attitude of their persons, and the different passions which appear'd in their countenances. At first *Achilles* stands erect, with surprize in his looks, at the sight of one whom he thought it impossible to find there; while *Lycaon* is in the posture of a Suppliant, with looks that plead for compassion; with one hand holding the Hero's lance, and his knee with the other; Afterwards, when at his death, he lets

go

108 OBSERVATIONS on

go the spear and places himself on his knees, with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound; how lively and how strongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the beauty of this passage, and allows that Poetry (at least in *Homer*) is truly a speaking picture.

VIII.

VERSE 64, &c. *The speeches of Lycaon and Achilles.*] It is impossible for any thing to be better imagin'd than these two speeches. That of *Lycaon* is moving and compassionate, that of *Achilles* haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmost tenderness, the other denies with the utmost sternness. One would think it impossible to amass so many moving arguments in so few words as those of *Lycaon*: He forgets no circumstance to soften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of *Patroclus*, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to *Hector*, and would willingly put himself upon him as a Suppliant, and consequently as an inviolable person: But *Achilles* is immoveable, his resentment makes him deaf to entreaties, and it must be remember'd that anger, not mercy, is his character.

I must confess I could have wish'd *Achilles* had spared him: There are so many circumstances that speak in his favour, that he deserv'd his life, had he not ask'd it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatness in the conclusion of the speech of *Achilles*, which strikes me very much: He speaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for asking life so earnestly, a life that was of so much less importance than his own.

IX.

VERSE 122. *The day shall come ---
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart.*

This

This is not spoken at random, but with an air of superiority; when *Achilles* says he shall fall by an arrow, a dart or a spear, he insinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a close fight, or engage him hand to hand. *Eustathius.*

X.

VERSE 147. *Your living Courser glut his gulphs in vain.]* It was an ancient custom to cast living horses into the sea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by these victims, the rapidity of their streams. This practice continued a long time, and History supplies us with examples of it: *Aurelius Victor* says of *Pompey* the younger, *cum mari feliciter niteretur, Neptuni se filium confessus est, eurusque bo- bus auratis & equo placavit.* He offer'd oxen in sacrifice, and threw a living horse into the sea, as appears from *Dion*; which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer. Eustath. Dacier.*

XI.

VERSE 153. *With fury swells the violated flood.]* The Poet has been preparing us for the episode of the river *Xanthus* ever since the beginning of the last book; and here he gives us an account why the River wars upon *Achilles*: It is not only because he is a river of *Troas*, but, as *Eustathius* remarks, because it is in defence of a man that was descended from a brother-river God: He was angry too with *Achilles* on another account, because he had choak'd up his current with the bodies of his Countrymen, the *Trojans*.

XII.

VERSE 172. *From rich Paeonia's ---- &c.]* In the Catalogue *Pyrachmes* is said to be commander of the *Paeonians*, where they are describ'd as Bow-men; but here they are said to be arm'd with spears, and to have *Asteropaeus* for their General. *Eustathius* tells us, some Criticks asserted that this line in the *Cat.*

Πηλεύσις

Πηλεύόν @ ο' ἦς παριδέξεις· Αὐτίσπονταῖς.

followed

'Αυτὸς Πυραίχηνς ὡς Πάσοντος ὀγκωλοπόζεις.

but I see no reason for such an assertion. Homer has expressly told us in this speech that it was but ten days since he came to the aid of Troy; he might be made General of the Peonians upon the death of Pyrachmes, who was kill'd in the sixteenth Book. Why also might not the Peonians, as well as Teucri, excel in the management both of the bow and the spear?

XIII.

VERSE 188. Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n
Ev'n to the middle earth'd ——] the spear,

It was impossible for the Poet to give us a greater idea of the strength of Achilles than he has by this circumstance: His spear peirc'd so deep into the ground, that another Hero of great strength could not disengage it by repeated efforts; but immediately after, Achilles draws it with the utmost ease. How prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a spear half way into the earth, and then with a touch release it?

XIV.

VERSE 263. Now bursting on his head, &c.] There is a great beauty in the versification of this whole passage in Homer: Some of the verses run hoarse, full, and sonorous, like the torrent they describe; others by their broken cadences, and sudden stops,

stops, image the difficulty, labour, and interruption of the Hero's march against it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the rushing of the branches in the water, are all put into such words, that almost every letter corresponds in its sound, and echoes to the sense of each particular.

XV.

VERSE 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood across ----]*

If we had no other account of the river *Xanthus* but this, it were alone sufficient to shew that the current could not be very wide; for the Poet here says that the elm stretch'd from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: The suddenness of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river.

XVI.

VERSE 276, *Leap'd from the chanel.] Eustathius* recites a criticism on this verse: in the original the word *Λίμνη* signifies *Stagnum*, *Palus*, a standing-water; now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current*: To solve this, says that Author, some have suppos'd that the tree which lay a-cross the river stopp'd the flow of the waters, and forc'd them to spread as it were into a pool. Others, dissatisfy'd with this solution, think that a mistake is crept into the text, and that instead of *in Λίμνης*, should be inserted *in δίνης*. But I do not see the necessity of having recourse to either of these solutions; for why may not the word *Λίμνη* signify here the *chanel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verse? And nothing being more common than to substitute a part for the whole, why may not the *chanel* be suppos'd to imply the whole river?

XVII.

112 OBSERVATIONS on
XVII.

VERSE 289. *So when a Peasant to his garden brings, &c.*] This changing of the character is very beautiful: No Poet ever knew, like Homer, to pass from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; such transitions, when properly made, give a singular pleasure, as when in musick a master passes from the rough to the tender. *Demetrius Phalereus*, who only praises this comparison for its clearness, has not sufficiently recommended its beauty and value. *Virgil* has transfer'd it into his first book of the Georgicks. v. 106.

*Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentes:
Et cum exquis ager morientibus astuat herbis,
Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
Elicit: Illa cadens raucam per levia murmur
Saxa ciet, scatbrisque arentia temperat arva.*

Dacier.

XVIII.

VERSE 321. *O had I dy'd in fields of battle warm! &c.*] Nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroick character of *Achilles*: Glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. *Virgil* has made use of the same thought in the same circumstance, where *Aeneas* is in danger of being drowned, *Aen.* i. v. 98:

*---- O terque quaterque beati,
Quaeis ante ora patrum Trojæ sub moenibus altis
Contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis
Tidide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse? tuaque animam hanc effundere dextrâ!*

Lucan, in the fifth book of his *Pharsalia*, representing

ing *Cæsar* in the same circumstance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundless thirst of glory, in his *Hero*; when, after he has repin'd in the same manner with *Ailles*, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired.

----- *Licet ingentes abruperit actus*
Festinata dies fatis, sat magna peregi.
Arctoas domui gentes: inimica subegi
Arma manu: vidit magnum mihi Roma secundum.

and only wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might still fear and expect him.

----- *Lacerum retinete cadaver*
Fluctibus in mediis; desint mihi busta, rogusque,
Dum metuar semper, terraque expecter ab omni.

XIX.

VERSE 400. While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast
 [and.] It is in the original, ¶. 355.

Διοῖ τειρόμενος πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστος.

The epithet given to *Vulcan* in this verse (as well as in the 367th) 'Ἡφαίστος πολυμήτος, has no sort of allusion to the action describ'd: For what has his wisdom or knowledge to do with burning up the river *Xanthus*? This is usual in our Author, and much reclaim'd against by his modern antagonists, whom Mr. *Boileau* very well answers. „ It is not so strange in *Homer* to give these epithets to persons upon occasions which can have no reference to them; the same is frequent in modern languages, in

¶ 14 OBSERVATIONS on

, which we call a man by the name of *Saint*, when we speak of any action of his that has not least regard to his *Sanctity*: As when we say, for example, that St. *Paul* held the garments of those who stoned St. *Stephen*.

XX.

VERSE 424. *As when the flames beneath a dragon rise.]* It is impossible to render literally such passages with any tolerable beauty. These ideas can never be made to shine in *English*, some particularities cannot be preserv'd; but the *Greek* language gives them lustre, the words are noble and musical,

Ω: δὲ λίσσες ζεῦ ἔνδον ἵπποις ἔμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
Κύσσην μελδόμενος ἀπαλοῖρεφέος στάλοιο,
Πάντεσσι ἀμβολάδην, ὅπε δὲ ζύλια κάγκανα κῆποι

All therefore that can be expected from a translator is to preserve the meaning of the simile, and embellish it with some words of affinity that carry nothing low in the sense or sound.

XXI.

VERSE 447. *And soft re-murmur in their native bed.]* Here ends the *Episode* of the *River-fight*; and I must here lay before the Reader my thoughts upon the whole of it: Which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true history. Nothing can give a better idea of *Homer's* manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plainest and simplest incidents noble and poetical, than to consider the whole passage in the common historical sense, which I suppose to be no more than this. There happen'd a great overflow of the River *Xanthus* during the feige, which very much incommoded the Assailants: This gave occasion for the fiction of an engagement between *Achilles* and the River-God:

Xanthus

Xanthus calling Simois to assist him, implies that these two neighbouring Rivers join'd in the inundation: Pallas and Neptune relieve Achilles; that is, Pallas, or the wisdom of Achilles, found some means to divert the waters, and turn them into the sea; therefore Neptune, the God of it, is feign'd to assist him. Jupiter and Juno (by which are understood the aerial regions) consent to aid Achilles; that may signify, that after this great flood their happen'd warm, dry, windy season, which asswaged the waters, and dried the ground: And what makes this a manner plain, is, that Juno (which signifies the Air) promises to send the North and West winds to distress the River. Xanthus being consum'd by Vulcan, that is dried up with heat, prays to Juno to relieve him: What is this, but that the drought being drunk up his streams, he has recourse to the Air for rains to resupply his current? Or perhaps the whole may signify no more, than that Achilles being on the farther side of the River, plung'd himself in to pursue the enemy; that in this adventure he run the risk of being drown'd; that to save himself he laid hold on a fallen tree, which serv'd to keep him afloat; that he was still carried down the stream to the place where was the confluence of the two Rivers, which is express'd by the one calling the other to his aid; and that when he came nearer the sea [Neptune] he found means by his prudence (Pallas) to save himself from his danger.

If the Reader still should think the fiction of Rivers speaking and fighting is too bold, the objection will vanish by considering how much the heathen mythology authorizes the representation of Rivers as persons: Nay even in old Historians nothing is more common than stories of rapes committed by River-gods: And the fiction was no way unpresidened, after one of the same nature so well known, as the

116 OBSERVATIONS on

engagement between *Hercules* and the River *Athoüs*.

XXII.

VERSE 454. *Jove as his sport, the dreadful [in
And views contending Gods with careless eyes.]*

I was at a loss for the reason why *Jupiter* is said to smile at the discord of the Gods, till I found it in *Eustathius*: *Jupiter*, says he, who is the Lord of nature, is well pleased with the war of the Gods that is of earth, sea, and air, &c. because the harmony of all beings arises from that discord: The earth is opposite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this opposition arises the discordant concord by which all nature subsists. The heat and cold, moist and dry, are in a continual war: yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that *Jupiter* who according to the *Greeks* is the soul of all, may well be said to smile at this contention:

XIII.

VERSE 456. *The Power of battels, &c.]* The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical: Justice and wisdom demanded that an end should be put to this terrible war: the God of war opposes this, but is worsted. *Eustathius* says that this holds forth the opposition of rage and wisdom; and no sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, as *Venus* succours *Mars*. The Poet seems farther to insinuate, that reason when it resists a temptation vigorously, easily overcomes it. So it is with the utmost facility that *Pallas* conquered both *Mars* and *Venus*. He adds, that *Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him; this shew-

us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it.

XXIV.

VERSE 468. *Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty stone, &c.]*

The Poet has describ'd many of his Heroes in former parts of his Poem, as throwing stones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he rises in his image: He is describing a Goddess, and has found a way to make that action excel all human strength, and be equal to a Deity,

Virgil has imitated this passage in his twelfth book, and apply'd it to *Turonus*; but I can't help thinking that the action in a mortal is somewhat extravagantly imagined: What principally renders it so, is an addition of two lines to this simile which he borrows from another part of *Homer*, only with this difference, that whereas *Homer* says no two men could raise such a stone, Virgil extends it to twelve.

— *Saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.*

(There is a beauty in the repetition of *Saxum ingens*, in the second line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leisure to consider the vastness of the stone:) The other two lines are as follow,

*Vix illud, lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.*

May I be allowed to think, they are not so well introduced

118 OBSERVATIONS on

troduced in *Virgil*? For it is just after *Turnus* is describ'd as weaken'd and oppress'd with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and *Turnus*, me thinks, looks more like a Knight-errant in a Romance, than an Hero in an Epick Poem.

XXV.

VERSE 507. *The God of Ocean, and the God of light.*] The interview between *Neptune* and *Apollo* is very judiciously in this place enlarged upon by our Author. The Poem now draws to a conclusion, the *Trojans* are to be punish'd for their perjury and violence: *Homer* accordingly with a poetical justice sums up the evidence against them, and represents the very founder of *Troy* as an injurious person. There have been several references to this story since the beginning of the Poem, but he forbore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be fresh upon the memory, and shew, the *Trojans* deserve the punishment they are going to suffer.

Eustathius gives the reason why *Apollo* afflicts the *Trojans*, tho' he had been equally with *Neptune* affronted by *Laomedon*: This proceeded from the honours which *Apollo* receiv'd from the posterity of *Laomedon*; *Troy* paid him no less worship than *Cilla*, or *Tenedos*; and by these means won him over to a forgiveness: But *Neptune* still was slighted, and consequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The same Author gives us various opinions why *Neptune* is said to have built the *Trojan* wall, and to have been defrauded of his wages: Some say that *Laomedon* sacrilegiously took away the treasures out of the Temples of *Apollo* and *Neptune*, to carry on the fortifications: From whence it was fabled *Neptune* and *Apollo* built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to *Apollo* and *Neptune*; and that *Laomedon* detained them: So that he might in some sense be said to defraud the Deities

Deities themselves, by with-holding what was dedicated to their Temples.

The reason why *Apollo* is said to have kept the herds of *Laomedon* is not so clear: *Eustathius* observes that all plagues first seize upon the four-footed creation, and are suppos'd to arise from this Deity: Thus *Apollo* in the first book sends the plague into the *Grecian* Army: The Ancients therefore made him to preside over cattel, that by preserving them from the plague, mankind might be safe from infectious diseases. Others tell us, that this employment is ascrib'd to *Apollo*, because he signifies the Sun: Now the Sun cloaths the pastures with grass and herbs: So that *Apollo* may be said himself to feed the cattel, by supplying them with food. Upon either of these accounts *Laomedon* may be said to be ungrateful to that Deity, for raising no Temple to his honour.

It is observable that *Homer* in this story ascribes the building of the wall to *Neptune* only: I should conjecture the reason might be, that *Troy* being a sea-port town, the chief strength of it depended upon its situation, so that the sea was in a manner a wall to it: Upon this account *Neptune* may not improbably be said to have built the wall.

XXVI.

VERSE 537. *For what is man? &c.*] The Poet is very happy in interspersing his Poem with moral sentences; in this place he steals away his Reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. „ Shall I (says *Apollo*) „ contend with thee for the sake of man? Man, who „ is no more than a leaf of a tree, now green and „ flourishing, but soon wither'd away and gone? The Son of *Sirach* has an expression which very much resembles this, *Ecclesi. xiv. 18.* *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, some fall, and some grow, so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.*

XXVII.

VERSE 544. *And from the senior God submissives,*] Two things hinder Homer from making *Nerone* and *Apollo* fight. First, because having already describ'd the fight between *Vulcan* and *Xanthus*, he has nothing farther to say here, for it is the same conflict between humidity and dryness. Second, *Apollo* being the same with Destiny, and the ruin of the *Trojans* being concluded upon and decided, the God can no longer defer it. *Dacier.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 557. *The female plague --- Fierce to the feeble race of womankind, &c.]*

The words in the original are, *Tho' Jupiter has made you a Lyon to women.* The meaning of this is, that *Diana* was terrible to that sex, as being the same with the Moon; and bringing on the pangs of childbirth: Or else, that the Ancients attributed all sudden deaths of women to the darts of *Diana*, as of men to those of *Apollo*: Which opinion is frequently alluded to in Homer. *Eustathius.*

XXIX.

VERSE 566. *She said, and seiz'd her wrists, &c.]* I must confess I am at a loss how to justify Homer in every point of these combats of the Gods: When *Diana* and *Juno* are to fight, *Juno* calls her an impudent bitch, *xw̄v ἀδαίσις*: When they fight, she boxes her soundly, and sends her crying and trembling to heaven: As soon as she comes thither *Jupiter* falls a laughing at her. Indeed the rest of the Deities seem to be in a merry vein during all the action: *Pallas* beats *Mars*, and laughs at him; *Jupiter* sees them in the same merry mood: *Juno* when she had cuff'd *Diana* is not more serious: In short

unless there be some depths that I am not able toathom, *Homer* never better deserv'd than in this place the censure past upon him by the Ancients, that as he rais'd the characters of his men up to Gods, so he sunk those of Gods down to men.

Yet I think it but reasonable to conclude, from the very absurdity of all this, supposing it had no hidden meaning or allegory, that there must therefore certainly be some. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obscure for us to find out: The remoteness of our times must necessarily darken yet more and more such things as were mysteries at first. Not that it is at all impossible, notwithstanding their present darkness, but they might then have been very obvious; as it is certain allegories ought to be disguis'd, but not obscur'd: An allegory should be like a veil over a beautiful face, so fine and transparent, as to shew the very charms it covers.

XXX.

VERSE 580. *Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war*] It is impossible that *Mercury* should encounter *Latona*: Such a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and she representing the night; for the planets owe all their lustre to the shades of the night, and then only become visible to the world. *Eustathius,*

XXXI.

driv'n,

VERSE 607. *As when avenging flames with fury On guilty Towns exert the wrath of Heaven.*]

This passage may be explain'd two ways, each very remarkable. First, by taking this fire for a real fire, sent from heaven to punish a criminal City, of which

we have example in holy writ. Hence we find that *Homer* had a notion of this great truth, that God sometimes exerts his judgments on whole Cities in this signal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other sense, simply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who assault it, (and only express'd thus by the Author in the same manner as *Jeremy* makes the City of *Jerusalem* say, when the *Chaldaans* burnt the Temple, *The Lord from above hath sent fire into my bones. Lament. I. 13.*) Yet still thus much will appear understood by *Homer*, that the fire which is cast into a City comes not properly speaking from men, but from God who delivers it up to their fury. *Dacier.*

XXXII,

VERSE 613. *High on a turret hoary Priam, &c.]*
The Poet still raises the idea of the courage and strength of his Hero, by making *Priam* in a terror that he should enter the town after the routed troops: For if he had not surpass'd all mortals, what could have been more desireable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then destroy'd him?

Here again there was need of another *machine* to hinder him from entering the City; for *Achilles* being vastly speedier than those he pursued, he must necessarily overtake some of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops without his mingling with the hindmost. The story of *Agenor* is therefore admirably contriv'd, and *Apollo*, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees should be punctually executed) interposes both to save *Agenor* and *Troy*; for *Achilles* might have kill'd *Agenor*, and still enter'd with the troops, if *Apollo* had not diverted him by the pursuit of that phantom. *Agenor* oppos'd himself to *Achilles* only because he could not do better; for he

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ees himself reduc'd to a dilemma, either ingloriously
perish among the fugitives, or hide himself in the
forest; both which were equally unsafe: Therefore
he is purposely inspir'd with a generous resolution to
try to save his Countrymen, and as the reward of
that service, is at last sav'd himself.

XXXIII.

VERSE 651. *What shall I fly? &c.*] This is a
very beautiful soliloquy of *Agenor*, such a one as
would naturally arise in the soul of a brave man,
going upon a desperate enterprise: He weighs every
thing in the balance of reason; he sets before him-
self the baseness of flight, and the courage of his ene-
my, till at last the thirst of glory preponderates all
other considerations. From the conclusion of this
speech it is evident, that the story of *Achilles* his being
invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of lat-
ter ages; for had he been so, there had been nothing
wonderful in his character. *Eustathius.*

XXXIV.

VERSE 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their
escape, &c.*] The Poet makes a double use of this
fiction of *Apollo's* deceiving *Achilles* in the shape of
Agenor; by these means he draws him from the pur-
suit, and gives the *Trojans* time to enter the City,
and at the same time brings *Agenor* handsomely off
from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that
Destiny woulud not yet suffer *Troy* to fall.

Eustathius fancies that the occasion of the fiction
might be this: *Agenor* fled from *Achilles* to the
banks of *Xanthus*, and might there conceal himself
from the pursuer behind some covert that grew on
the shores; this perhaps' might be the whole of the
story.

124 OBSERVATIONS &c.

story. So plain a narration would have pass'd in the mouth of an Historian, but the Poet dresses it in fiction, and tells us that *Apollo* (or Destiny) conceals him in a cloud from the sight of his enemy.

The same Author farther observes, that Achilleus in an unseasonable peice of vain-glory, in pursuing a single enemy, gives time to a whole army to escape; he neither kills Agenor, nor overtakes the Trojans.

F I N I S.

2 AP 57